

FRONTISPIECE.



MOMUS AND HIS COMPANIONS.

"Let Mirth and Wine go round."

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THE
FESTIVAL
OF
Domus,
a Collection of
COMIC SONGS,

Including the Modern
and a
VARIETY of ORIGINALS.,



L O N D O N:
Printed for W. LANE, Leadenhall-Street.

Price Two Shillings sewed.



TO THE
CHOICE SPIRITS.

THIS Collection of *comic Songs* are selected as a *Festival* for those Sons of Hilarity, whose Sentiments are for Harmony, and to appear as joyous Companions. This Collection has been made with Care and Attention—to select such Songs as abound in Wit, and will enliven the tedious hours.—*Momus* will here appear in full splendor; and as many Songs, Cantatas, &c. are in this Collection that have never yet been published; and others of the true Comic Kind are selected from all the Song-Books now extant; and in this Edition are added some celebrated *Toasts* and *Sentiments*; it may with propriety be said to contain a *Library of Good Humour, Mirth, and Entertainment.*

I N D E X.

A

	Page
<i>A Mercer I am in a very good stile</i> —	4
<i>Apollo once finding fair Daphne alone</i> —	14
<i>All you that are wise</i> —	16
<i>At Lantavre, Got pless hur, a place of renown</i>	30
<i>A wonder! a wonder! a wonder I'll shew</i>	37
<i>As Billingsgate Nan was adjusting her fish</i>	45
<i>A pretty french Milliner ow'd me some money</i>	46
<i>As landlady Dobbins, a Whitfieldite pure</i> —	50
<i>As Joe the sandman drove his noble team</i> —	61
<i>A Londres, I was taylor nice</i> —	68
<i>A popish old dame to her handmaid thus cry'd</i>	104
<i>As a choice spirit bred</i> —	116
<i>A master I have, and I am his man</i> —	137
<i>Amo, amas</i> —	138
<i>And did you not hear of a jolly young waterman</i>	139
<i>A cobbler there was and he lived in a stall</i> —	140
<i>A lovely lass to a fryar came</i> —	147
<i>A jolly tinker through the street</i> —	188
<i>As frisky Sae Welflee wa sat at her stall</i> —	188
<i>As I was going by de Tirteen Cantons</i>	193
<i>At the sign of the horse</i> —	198
<i>A jolly jack tar, but a little while since</i> —	201
<i>A taylor there was, and he lived in a garret</i>	208
<i>A lively young barber, an amorous spark</i> —	210
<i>All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd</i> —	222
<i>A certain young Captain in scarlet array</i> —	242
<i>As Roger the Ploughman, a lusty young Swain</i>	244
<i>As Wit, Joke and Humour together were sat</i>	245
<i>A Tonser renown'd for his puff and his parts</i> —	255

(iii.)

<i>A soldier and a sailor,</i>	—	273
<i>A Parson who had a remarkable foible</i>	—	282

B

<i>Barbers I have lost my wig</i>	—	130
<i>By the side of a green stagnant pool</i>	—	141
<i>By dimpled brook and fountain brim,</i>	—	267

C

<i>Come cheer up your hearts</i>	—	11
<i>Come let us begin for the clock has struck ten</i>	—	36
<i>Come every brisk soul</i>	—	47
<i>Contented I am, and contented I'll be</i>	—	89
<i>Come, liberty, damme boys, but we'll be free</i>		111
<i>Come rouse brother tars!</i>	—	178
<i>Come cease all your pother, about this or that</i>		181
<i>Come bustle, bustle, drink about</i>	—	207
<i>Come thou rosy dimpled boy</i>	—	220
<i>Come let us all with one accord</i>	—	269
<i>Come all my brave lads, away quickly come</i>		288

D

<i>Dinner o'er and grace said</i>	—	113
<i>Dear Kathlen, you, no doubt</i>	—	193

E

<i>Fishwives I have lost my wife</i>	—	91
<i>Four and twenty fiddlers all in a row</i>	—	118
<i>For my country's good I care not a souse</i>	—	184
<i>From parching summers</i>	—	189
<i>Fill your glasses banish grief</i>	—	215
<i>Farewell to the meads and the fields</i>	—	221
<i>From ploughing the ocean and thrashing Monsieur</i>		235

(iv.)

G

Give Isaac the Nymph who no b'auty can boast	85
Good sir, in vain you bend your brow	91
Going to see my father the other day	123
Goody Jones had ofi perceiv'd	143
Guardian angels now protect me	154
Give ear and a comi al story I'll tell	241
Gently stir, and blow the fire	279

H

He that will not merry merry be	39
How happy a state does the miller possess	40
How pleasant a sai'or's life pass'ss	43
How stands the glas' around	173
Here's to the maid of bashful fifteen	185
Here's an old song made by an ancient pate	232
Have you been to Abington? ah sir, oh!	256
How each fond parent still pursues	258

I

John trip'd up the stairs by night	9
I am a young brush-maker launch'd into life	53
In London my life is a ring of delight	69
Indeed I'll do the best I can	70
I'm here in France, and more fool I	71
I am worse than poor debtors	73
Jonathan a wooing went	75
I'm a hearty good fellow, a ruby nos'd sot	80
I have a tenement to let	93
I'll sing you a song of a modern date	95
I'll sing you a song, it is my intention	97
In the days of my youth I was sensibly crazy	106
I'll sing you a song	134

(v.)

<i>I'm a bless of the town, and Ned is my flash</i>	136
<i>I love you for your squinting eyes</i>	157
<i>I love you for your squinting eyes</i>	157
<i>I was a flash man of St Giles's</i>	174
<i>If I were to grow old, as I find I go down</i>	228
<i>In vain do poets strive to sing</i>	237
<i>I once was a poet at London</i>	243
<i>In various shapes I've oft been known</i>	260
<i>John Apehy was the man's name</i>	261
<i>Jockey said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't</i>	272

K

<i>Kilkenny is a handsome place</i>	72
-------------------------------------	----

L

<i>Look, maids I cock my hat</i>	76
<i>Let others sing of flames and darts</i>	13
<i>Lord, what care I for mam or dad</i>	145
<i>Let grave divines preach up dull rules</i>	170
<i>Let others with indecent songs</i>	270

M

<i>My wife she died last Saturday night</i>	29
<i>My sweet pretty mog</i>	121
<i>My name's Ted Blarney, I'll be bound</i>	253
<i>My bonny sailor's won my mind</i>	275

N

<i>Now safe moor'd, with bowl before us</i>	99
<i>Nancy, I have lost my wig</i>	128
<i>Not far from town a country 'squire</i>	162
<i>Near a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring shade</i>	217
<i>Now we mighty men of London</i>	240

(vi.)

<i>Now we'er free from College rules</i>	—	263
<i>No doubt but you have heard of the famous</i>	—	266

O

<i>Of ups and downs we daily see</i>	—	1
<i>Old Homer! but with him what have we to do</i>		109
<i>O the days when I was young</i>	—	122
<i>One evening good humour took wit as his guest</i>		186
<i>Old bards have sung how we could boast</i>	—	230
<i>Of all the trades that e're I see</i>	—	251
<i>Our reck'ning we've paid</i>	— —	276

P

<i>Pounds, shillings, pence and farthings I</i>	—	148
---	---	-----

S

<i>Some talk of Cherokees, sir, and some of Catabaws</i>		74
<i>Since the world is so old</i>	—	87
<i>So safe arriv'd at last</i>	— — —	107
<i>Suppose I was a country boy</i>	—	132
<i>Sit round my brave boys</i>	— —	146
<i>Some cobblers turn poets</i>	— —	179
<i>Since a wonderful man I find is quite common</i>		206
<i>Says Plato, why should man be vain</i>	—	224
<i>Says Phelim in Ireland no longer I'll stay</i>		249
<i>Since Kathleen has prov'd so untrue</i>	—	253
<i>Some women take delight in dress</i>	—	265
<i>Since folly keeps up its force far and near</i>	—	267

T

<i>There is a chambermaid</i>	— — —	8
<i>The devil he pull'd of his jacket of flame</i>	— —	19
<i>The greatest skill in life</i>	— — —	24
<i>The greatest of blessings of life as we pass</i>	—	28
<i>To horse ye jolly sportsmen</i>	—	41
<i>The farmer's dog leapt over the stile</i>	—	43
<i>Tho' I can't walk quite straight</i>	—	49

(vii.)

Tho' I sweep too and fro, old iron to find	—	54
There is a cant saying has long been in use	—	55
The british lion is my sign	—	67
The morning we're married how funny and jolly		73
The ills of life in vain assail	— — —	77
That all men are beggars you plainly may see		92
There was a grave prude	— — —	98
Tho' with puffs daily papers are cram'd, fir		103
'Twas I learn'd a pretty song in France	—	123
There was a mad man, he had a mad wife	—	129
Tho' the pye of green truffles	— — —	149
This world is a stage	— — —	151
'Twas at the Gates of Calais, Hogarth tells		164
There was a jolly miller once	— —	169
The girls of Kilkenny, so bonny and frisky		182
There was a bonny blade	— — —	197
There was an old man, and tho' it's not common		204
'Twas cold, and young Roger	—	212
The whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn		225
There was a clever likely lass	—	226
The Priest of the parish rode his garene bawn		247
That living's a joke	— —	273
Two gossip they merrily met	— —	280
There was a jovial beggar	— —	284

V

Vere is mine lose, my pretty Dammoscina	—	158
---	---	-----

W

Whence comes it neighbour dick	— —	4
When a lover's in the wind	— —	7
With a chearful old friend	— —	17
While gentlefo ks strut in their silver and sattins		34
When first I began to ogle the ladies	—	50
While others attempt heavy minutes to kill	—	57
When up to London first I came	— — —	82

(viii.)

<i>When running life's race</i>	— —	83
<i>While people call'd poets</i>	— —	86
<i>When humming brown beer</i>	— — — —	125
<i>When I came back to bonny Shadwell dock</i>	—	127
<i>When our Mayor, Lord bless him</i>	— — —	150
<i>When first a maid within her breast</i>	— — —	160
<i>Warm and wanton one night</i>	— —	176
<i>When Britain first at heav'n's command</i>	—	213
<i>When kind friends expect a song</i>	— — —	214
<i>With women and wine I defy ev'ry care</i>	—	227
<i>Whilst happy in my native land</i>	— — —	266
<i>When Venus, queen of desires,</i>	— — — —	289

Y

<i>Your mountain, sack, your frontaniac</i>	— —	3
<i>Ye lads and ye lasses, so b'xom and clever</i>	—	9
<i>Ye lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret</i>	—	18
<i>You may do as you will</i>	— — —	20
<i>Ye sons of mighty Nimrod, fam'd in story</i>	—	21
<i>Ye blooming maids from Meymose sprung</i>	—	25
<i>Younglings fond of female chaces</i>	—	32
<i>Ye scamps, ye pads, ye divers</i>	— —	51
<i>Ye bucks and ye bloods</i>	— — —	59
<i>Ye nymphs and ye swains</i>	— — —	62
<i>You that delight in a jocular song</i>	—	64
<i>You, my spruce little Matthew, lov'd fun</i>	—	79
<i>Young Roger, the plowman, who wanted a mate</i>	—	81
<i>Ye humdrums who sigh all your life time away</i>	—	126
<i>Ye lovers of ditties attend</i>	— —	131
<i>Ye national schemers, a while give me leave</i>	—	161
<i>Ye sons of the cask</i>	— — —	171
<i>Young Arabella, mama's care</i>	— — —	216
<i>You know I'm your priest</i>	— —	254
<i>Ye gossips who blab out the secrets of state</i>	—	277

FESTIVAL

THE
FESTIVAL
OF
MOMUS.

SONG.

THE UPS AND DOWNS;

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Choleric Fathers.

OF ups and downs we daily see
Examples, most surprizing;
The High and Low, of each degree,
Now falling are now rising;
Some up, some down; some in, some out;
Some neither one nor t'other:
Knaves, Fools, Jews, Gentiles, join the rout,
And jostle one another;
With my heigho!
Gee-up! gee-ho!
Higgledy piggledy!
Truth, honour, honesty!
Trim tram!
Your honesty's scarce,
Honour's grown a mere farce,
And poor truth! baw! an obsolete whim-wham!
B By

By ups and downs, some folks, they say,
 Among Grandees have got, fir;
 Who were themselves, but yesterday,
 The Lord knows who, or what, fir!
Sans senss, or pence, in Merit's chair
 They dose and dream supine-o!
 But how the Devil they came there—
 That neither you nor I know.

With my Heigho! &c.

Your Country-maid comes up to town,
 A simple, aukward body;
 In half a year again goes down,
 No Peacock half so gaudy!
 Lord ma'am! exclaims the Lawyer's wife,
 With scandal ever ready,
 You see the ups and downs of life
 Have made our Meg a Lady!

With my Heigho! &c.

Virtue and Vanity are grown
 Meer buckets in a well, fir;
 The last gets up, the first gets down,
 As all the World can tell, fir:
 So many downs poor Virtue meets,
 Her ups so very few, fir,
 'Tis said she's naked met i' th' streets,—
 But that is nothing new, fir.

With my Heigho! &c.

Oh! what an age of ups and downs,
 Hey! seven's the main, my Lord thrice knocks;
 Lands, Liberties, Manors and Towns,
 Are rattling in the dice-box!
 Up fly the Fools! on ruin bent,
 While they are full in feather;
 Get pluck'd, then rumbling down are sent
 Whoop! pell-mell all together.

With my Heigho! &c.

THE PALACES OF LIQUOR.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Choleric Fathers.

Y OUR Mountain, Sack, your Frontiniac,
 Tokay, and twenty more, fir !
 Your Sherry, and Perry, which make men merry,
 Are Deities I adore, fir !
 And well may Port
 Your praise extort,
 When from his palace forth he comes !
 And glucks and gurgles ! fumes and foames !

Old Rum, Arrack, and Coniac,
 Are known for men of might, fir !
 Nor shall Sir Flasket Florence lack
 A place among my Knights, fir !
 Don Calcavalla
 Is a noble fellow !

When from, &c.

Madeira ! Monarch ! him I sing !
 And Old Hock ! lo ! another !
 Champagne is my most Christian King !
 And Burgundy's his Brother !
 Bold Bordeaux ! too,
 Shall have his due !

When from, &c.

If, singly, thus, each Champion may
 So many laurels gather,
 Gods ! what a glorious Congress, they,
 When all are met together !
 When, high in state
 Each Potentate

B 2

Forth from, &c.

(4)

S O N G.

THE LONDON MERCER.

A Mercer I am in a very good stile,
Neat and pretty by jingo !
I bow and smirk,
I noddle and jerk,
'Then prick up and perk,
And simper and smile ;
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo!
Lord, I am quite the thing !
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo?

At Bagnage Wells sometimes I sip tea,
At Islington sup, good stingo :
I shut up my shop,
And out of town pop,
Then dance at a hop ;
He ! he ! he ! he ! he !
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo !
A'n't I quite the thing ?
With my hey dong, ding dong, dingo !

S O N G.

DICK AND THE OLD WOMAN.

Tune—*How goes it Brother Jack.*

WHENCE comes it, neighbour Dick,
That you, with youth uncommon.
Have serv'd the girls this trick,
And wedded an old woman ?

Happy Dick?

Each belle condemns the choice
 Of a youth so gay and sprightly;
 But we, your friends, rejoice,
 That you have judg'd so rightly:

Happy Dick!

Though odd to some it sounds,
 That on three-score you ventur'd,
 Yet in ten thousand pounds
 Ten thousand charms are center'd:

Happy Dick!

Beauty, we know, will fade,
 As doth the short liv'd flower;
 Nor can the fairest maid
 Insure her bloom an hour:

Happy Dick!

'Then wisely you resign
 For sixty, charms so transient;
 As the curious value coin
 The more for being ancient:

Happy Dick!

With joy your spouse shall see
 The fading beauties round her,
 And she herself still be
 The same that first you found her:

Happy Dick!

Oft is the marriage state
 With jealousies attended;
 And hence, through foul debate,
 Are nuptial joys suspended:

Happy Dick!

But you, with such a wife,
 No jealous fears are under;
 She's your's alone, for life,
 Or much we all shall wonder :

Happy Dick !

Her death would grieve you fore,
 But let not that torment you ;
 My life ! she'll see four-score,
 If that will but content you :

Happy Dick !

On this you may rely,
 For the pains you took to win her,
 She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
 Unless the devil's in her :

Happy Dick !

Some have the name of hell
 To matrimony given ;
 How falsely you can tell,
 Who find it such a heaven :

Happy Dick !

With you, each day and night
 Is crown'd with joy and gladness ;
 While envious virgins bite
 The hated sheets for madness :

Happy Dick !

With spouse long share the bliss
 Y' had miss'd in any other ;
 And when you've buried this,
 May you have such another :

Happy Dick !

Observing

(7)

Observing hence, by you
In marriage such decorum,
Our wiser youths shall do
As you have done before 'em:

Happy Dick!

S O N G.

THROW THE STOCKING.

Sung by Mr. Wilson in Two to One.

WHEN a lover's in the wind,
Tho' Miss is coy, we always find
At last she turns out wond'rous kind,
Nor thinks a man so shocking:
A woman's frowns are but a jest,
She's angry only to be prest,
And then she grants her friends request
To let them throw the stocking.

While Pudding-sleeves unites their hands,
And fetters both in marriage bands,
John grins, and Molly foolish stands,
To see the neighbours flock in:
But after supper John is led,
With love and liquor in his head,
Tuck'd with his Molly into bed,
Then hey to throw the stocking!

The night soon past, the morning come,
The couple looking queer and rum,
He says but little, she is dumb,

The chamber door unlocking :
 But Molly, who was once so coy,
 No longer now conceals her joy ;
 She vows all day, for her dear boy,
 She'd trudge without a stocking !

S O N G.

THE DANDY O!

Sung by Mr. Davies in Two to One.

THERE is a chambermaid lives in the south,
 So tight, so light, so neat, so gay, so handy—o!
 Her breath is like the rose, and the pretty little
 mouth
 Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy—o!

Never could I clasp the waist of Sukey, Sal, or Peg,
 Their arms so red, their ugly legs so bandy—o!
 But slim and taper is the waist; the neat and pretty
 leg
 Of pretty little Tippet is the dandy—o!

Tippet of the south, if she gives me but a smile,
 Cheers the cockles of my skipping heart like
 brandy—o!
 Each part, each limb, each look, would any one
 beguile;
 But take her altogether, she's the dandy—o!

Each part, each limb, each look, would any one
 beguile;
 And Tippet's little total is the dandy—o!

S O N G.

(9)

S O N G.

THE SHOULDER KNOT.

Sung by Miss George in Two to One.

JOHN tripp'd up the stairs by night,
Heigh ho! to Betty got;
John tripp'd up the Stairs by night,
Slyly without candle-light:

Cries Bett, "Who's there?"

"'Tis I, my dear!

"Johnny with his shoulder-knot."

What did foolish Betty do?

Heigh ho! she knew not what!

What did foolish Betty do?

Lifts the latch—in he flew!

When he kifs'd,

Could she resist

Johnny with his shoulder-knot?

Madam Maudlin soon found out,

Heigh ho! poor Betty's lot—

Madam Maudlin soon found out—

"What's this, says she, you've been about?"

Betty cries,

And wipes her eyes,

"The deuce was in his shoulder-knot!"

S O N G.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

YE lads and lasses, so buxom and clever,
Who come from Hibernia, of famous renown,
Put on your best bibs, and be coming together,
So neatly yourselves all adorning.
The music shall be sweetly playing;
Each shall be dancing, skipping around;

Green shamrock shall shine, Sir,
 To make us all fine, Sir,
 Salt fish and potatoes
 Shall smoak, my dear creatures,
 And nothing be wanting which there can be found,
 Full bumpers of whiskey,
 Will make us all frisky
 On St. Patrick's day in the Morning.

St. Patrick he was of vast estimation,
 And liv'd a great while, Sir, before he was dead;
 He frighten'd the bug-a-bos out of the nation,
 So none of your sneering and scorning;
 For many things he did most truly,
 All as clever as clever could be,
 He banish'd the bugs, Sir,
 From blankets and rugs, Sir;
 Ah! hub a boo, Sir,
 What more could he do, Sir?
 Whatever he said, Sir, the blind could not see;
 With heart like Shellaly,
 Then, let us be gaily
 On St. Patrick's day in the morning.

There's Phelim O'Fagan, and ruddy fac'd Paddy,
 With many tall fellows to make up the wake,
 Miss Blarney will sing with her mammy and daddy,
 And play till the ev'ning's returning;
 With mirth and music, dance and caper,
 We will jovial, jovial be,
 While each pretty miss, Sir,
 We'll smuggle and kiss, Sir,
 And pull 'em, and haul 'em,
 And tenderly maul 'em,
 Arrah! who in the world are so merry as we?
 All this to begin, Sir,
 We think it no sin, Sir.
 On St Patrick's day in the morning.

S O N G.

THE JOVIAL TOPER.

COME, cheer up your hearts, and call for your
 quarts,
 And let there no liquor be lacking;
 We have money in store, and intend for to roar,
 Until we have sent it all packing.
 Then drawer, make haste, and let no time waste,
 But give ev'ry man his due:
 T'avoid all trouble, go fill the pot double,
 Since he that made one made two.

Come drink, my hearts, drink, and call for your
 wine,
 'Tis that makes a man to speak truly;
 What sot can refrain, or daily complain,
 That he in his drink is unruly?
 Then drink and be civil, intending no evil,
 If that you'll be ruled by me;
 For claret and sack we never will lack,
 Since he that made two made three.

The old curmudgeon sits all the day drudging
 At home with brown bread and small beer;
 With scraping damn'd pelf, he starveth himself,
 Scarce eats a good meal in a year:
 But we'll not do so, howe'er the world go,
 Since that we have money in store;
 For claret and sack we never will lack,
 Since he that made three made four.

Come drink, my hearts, drink, and call for your
wine,

D'you think that I'll leave you i'the lurch?
My reckoning i'll pay 'ere I go away,
Or hang me as high as Paul's church,
Tho' some men will say, this is not the way
For us, in this world, to thrive;
'Tis no matter for that, let's have t'other quart,
Since he that made four made five.

A pox of old Charon, his brains are all barren,
His liquor (like coffee) is dry;
But we are for wine, 'tis drink more divine,
Without it we perish and die.
Then troll it about, until 'tis all out,
We'll affront him in spite of his Styx;
If he grudges his ferry, we'll drink and be merry,
Since he that made five made six.

But now the time's come, that we all must go home,
Our liquor's all gone, that's for certain;
Which makes us repine, that a god so divine,
Won't give us one cup at our parting.
But since 'tis all paid, let's not be dismay'd,
But fly to great Bacchus in heaven;
And chide him because he made no better laws,
Since he that made six made seven.

S O N G.

THE WISH.

LET others sing of flames and darts,
 And all love's lul-la-by;
 Of crying eyes, and cracking hearts;
 The deuce a bit will I.
 If you are willing, I am so too;
 If not, why there's no more to do.

Fa la la la fa la

Should you expect, in sorrow's guise,
 I'll wear a woeful face;
 Such maudlin mumm'ry I despise,
 Mine is no love-sick case.
 'Tis but my whim, e'en make it thine;
 Then whim to whim, and yours to mine.

Fa la la la fa la.

Or, if you think, in golden rain,
 Like Jove, I'll pave my way,
 Such expectations are but vain,
 I've only this to say;
 You've something which I would be at,
 I've something too—so tit for tat.

Fa la la la fa la.

Your taste, your talk, I may admire,
 And praise, with truth, your face,
 Your spark'ling eyes, that speak desire,
 And give expression grace.
 Yet there's a ——— but I'll not be bold,
 Nor say, That's better took than told.

Fa la la la fa la.

Well

Well kens the lafs that I would win,
 And well I ken the road ;
 He that is out would fain be in,
 A patriot a-la-mode.—
 As you are my fov'reign, grant me grace,
 I only ask a little place.

Fa la la la fa la.

Least said, they fay, is mended soon ;
 With you I'll not difpute ;
 Ill tastes the long requested boon ;
 'Tis sweet, when fhort's the fuit.
 Then grant, with grace, the gift I fue,
 And let me, without grace, fall to't.

Fa la la la fa la.

S O N G.

MONEY COMMANDS THE FAIR.

A POLLO once finding fair Daphne alone,
 Discover'd his flame in a paffionate tone ;
 He told her, and bound it with many a curfe,
 He was ready to take her for better, for worfe ;
 Then talk'd of the fmart, and the hole in his heart,
 So large one might drive thro' the paffage a cart,
 But the filly coy maid, to the god's great amaze-
 ment,
 Sprang away from his arms, and leap'd thro' the
 cafement.

He, following, cry'd out, my life and my dear,
 Return to your lover, and lay by your fear ;
 You think me perhaps fome fcoundrel, or whorfon ;
 Alas ! I've no wicked defign on your perfon.

I'm a god by my trade ; young, plump and well-made ;
 Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.
 But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the wind ;
 While the poor purſy god came panting behind.

I'm the chief of Phyſicians and none of the college
 Muſt be mention'd with me for experience and
 knowledge ;
 Each herb, flower, and plant, by its name I can
 call,
 And do more than the beſt ſeventh ſon of them all.
 With my powder and pills I cure all the ills,
 That ſweep of ſuch numbers each week in the bills ;
 But ſtill ſhe kept running and flew like the Wind ;
 While the poor purſy god came panting behind.

Befides, I'm a poet, child, into the bargain,
 And top all the writers of fam'd Covent-Garden :
 I'm the prop of the ſtage, and the pattern of wit ;
 I ſet my own ſonnets, and ſing to my kit ;
 I'm at Will's all the day, and each night at the
 play ;
 And verſes I make faſt as hops now they ſay ;
 When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubled her
 ſpeed,
 And flew like a whore from a conſtable freed.

Now, had our wiſe lover (but lovers are blind)
 In the language of Lombard-ſtreet told her his
 mind ;
 ' Look, lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of money ;
 ' Odiſbobs, I muſt ſwinge thee, my joy and my
 honey ;

‘ I fit next in the chair, and shall shortly be may’r ;
 ‘ Neither Clayton nor Duncomb with me can
 compare :’

Though wrinkl’d as Prim, as deform’d as the devil,
 The god had succeeded, the nymph had been civil.

S O N G.

BE MERRY TO-MORROW.

A L L you that are wise, and think life worth
 enjoying,

Or soldier, or sailor, by land or by sea,
 In loving and laughing your time be employing ;
 Your glass to your lip, and your lafs on your
 knee ;

Come sing away, honeys, and cast of all sorrow !

Tho’ we all die to-day let’s be merry to-morrow ;
 A hundred years hence ’twill be to late to borrow
 A moment of Time to be joyous and free !

Chorus—Come sing away honeys, &c.

My lord and the bishop, in spite of their splendor,
 When Death gives the call, from their glories
 must part ;

Your beautiful dame, when the summons is sent her,
 Will feel the blood ebb from the cheek to the
 heart.

Then sing away, honeys, and cast of your sorrow ;

Tho’ you all die to-day, yet be merry to-morrow ;

A hundred years hence ’twill be too late to borrow

A cordial to cherish the sorrowful heart !

Then sing away honeys, &c.

For

For riches and honour, then why all this riot,
Your wrangling, and jangling, and all your
alarms?

Arrah! burn you, my honeys, you'd better be quiet,
And take, while you can, a kind girl to your
arms:

You'd better be singing and casting off sorrow!
Tho' you all die to-day, sure, be merry to morrow!
A hundred years hence 'twill be too late to borrow
One moment to toy and enjoy her sweet charms!

You'd better be singing, &c.

S O N G.

THE HEARTY FELLOW.

WITH a cheerful old friend, and a merry old
song,
And a tankard of porter, I could sit the night long.
And laugh at the follies of those that repine,
Tho' I must drink porter while they can drink
wine.

I envy no mortal, be he ever so great;
Nor scorn I the Wretch for his lowly estate;
But what I abhor, and deem as a curse,
Is meanness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then let us, companions, be cheerful and gay,
And cheerfully spend life's remainder away;
Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll despise,
For, the more we are envy'd the higher we rise.

S O N G.

SONG.

JOVIAL BACCHANALIAN.

YE lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret,
 Releas'd from the trouble of thinking,
 A fool long ago, said we nothing could know;
 The fellow knew nothing of drinking.
 To pore over Plato, or practise with Cato,
 Dispassionate dunces might make us;
 But men, now more wise, self denial-despise,
 And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big-wig'd, in fine coach, see the Doctor approach,
 He solemnly up the stairs paces;
 Looks grave—smells his cane—applies finger to
 vien,
 And counts the repeats with grimaces
 As he holds pen in hand, life and death are at
 stand—
 A toss up which party shall take us.
 Away with such cant—no prescription we want
 : But the nourishing nostrum of Bacchus.

We jollily join in the practice of wine,
 While misers 'midst plenty are pining;
 While ladies are scorning, and lovers are mourning,
 We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime, toss a bottle to time,
 He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us;
 His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,
 By the styptical balsam of Bacchus.

What work is there made, by the news-paper trade,
 Of this man's and t'other man's station!

The

The inns are all bad, and the outs are all mad;
 In and out is the cry of the nation.
 The politic matter which both parties chatter,
 From bumpering freely shan't shake us:
 With half-pints in hand, independent we'll stand
 To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motions well tim'd; be all charg'd and all
 prim'd;

Have a care—right and left—and make ready.
 Right hand to glass join—at your lips rest your wine;
 Be all in your exercise steady.

Our levels we boast, when our women we toast;
 May graciously they undertake us!
 No more we desire—so drink and give fire,
 A volley to beauty, and Bacchus!

S O N G.

THE CARD-PLAYERS.

THE Devil he pull'd of his jacket of flame;
 The Friar he pull'd of his cowl;
 The Devil suppos'd him a dunce at the game,
 The Friar thought Satan a fool.
 He piqu'd and repiqu'd him so oft, that at last,
 He swore, by the jolly fat nuns,
 If cards came no better than those that were past,
 Oh! oh! alack! he must loose all his buns.

S O N G.

SONG.

FROLIC AND LAUGH.

YOU may do as you will, but I'll fling away
care;

I'll sport with the swains, and I'll toy with the fair;
For joys yet unknown I may find springing there,
And 'tis better by half, love and nectar to quaff;
All the days of my life thus I'll frolick and laugh.

'Till lately there liv'd not so wretched an elf;
I tended my flocks, and sought nothing but pelf;
Car'd little for others, but much for myself;
But 'tis better by half, &c.

But wishes for more are all foolish and vain,
And thought for to-morrow brings nothing but pain;
Enjoying to-day I shall find the best gain:
For 'tis better by half, &c.

Come over to me all ye gay blooming throng,
And take it, the way to be blest the year long
Is to welcome sweet love, wine, and soul-cheering
song:

And 'tis better by half, &c.

Then care, with his wrinkles, I give to the wind;
To mirth, from this moment, my heart is inclin'd
I'm sure of my bliss, for the nymphs will be kind:
More happy by half,
Love and nectar to quaff;
All the days of my life thus I'll frolick and laugh.

SONG.

A BUCK'S SONG.

RECITATIVE.

YE sons of mighty Nimrod, fam'd in story,
 Attend the records of your pristine glory,
 In vocal sounds join the harmonious lay,
 And add new pleasures to the festive day.

A I R.

Tune—*And ten times a day hoop her barrel, &c.*

In annals of old,
 Great Bellus we're told,
 Gave a race of most noble condition;
 Who follow'd the chace,
 And health did embrace,
 For toil was their only Physician,
Brave boys, &c.

RECITATIVE.

To them, the fertile plains and shady woods were
 given,
 With calm content, the rarest gift of heaven,
 The purple grape their beverage, deer their meat,
 For wine and venison is a god-like treat.

A I R.

Plump Bacchus and Venus their pleasures im-
 prov'd,
 With spirit they drank, and with vigor they
 lov'd;

The grandsons of Noah were strangers to pain,
For when tired of loving, they hunted again.

RECITATIVE.

From men like these, our ancient order rose,
To rancorous spleen and discord ever foes;
Gay as the enlivening sun their splendor shone,
And here in Britain, Arthur fix'd their throne;
In desert wild, obscure they wander'd long,
Nor drank the potent Juice nor heard th' inspiring
song.

But happier times restor'd them to this isle,
Where beauty, arms and arts with lustre smile;
Arabs, Euphrates, Babylonians all,
Heard freedom's voice, and strait obey'd the call,
Here fix'd their tents, where boundless plenty
reigns,
Unknown to Afric's sands, or Asia's sun-burnt
plains.

A I R.

Tune—*To ye ladies now at land, &c.*

Hail happy Britain, favourite isle,
Where commerce rears her head;
And joyous Bucks, in freedom smile,
While tyranny lies dead;
Protect thy sons—their wealth encrease,
And crown each lodge with joy and peace,
With a fal la!, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Rise, brothers, rise, give each his friendly hand,
The toast is Britain's King, and our most noble
Grand.

AIR.

Tune—*There was a jolly blade, &c.*

Ye sons of liberty,
In chorus join with me,
To the health of our Noble Grand;
And may each brother be
Gay, innocent and free,
And bucks be rever'd through the land.

Let joy and mirth be here,
To crown the circling year,
And staunch to the order stand;
We'll gayly drink and sing,
'Till we make the ceiling ring,
'Tis the health of our Noble Grand.

Like Nimrod he'll appear,
When seated in his chair,
And his council around him stand;
May peace and order reign,
To crown the happy train
Of ——— our noble Grand.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Sons of liberty,
 In chorus join with me,
 To the health of our noble Grand;
 And may each brother be
 Gay, innocent and free,
 And bucks be rever'd through the land.

S O N G.

THE SECRET.

Tune—*There was a bonny blade.*

THE greatest skill in life,
 For avoiding noise and strife,
 Is to know when a man should be dumb, dumb,
 dumb:

When a knave to gain his end,
 Sifts you to betray your friend,
 Let your answer be only, mum, mum, mum.

Would you try to persuade,
 A pretty, pretty maid,
 As ripe as a peach or a plumb, plumb, plumb;
 You've nothing more to do,
 But to swear you'll be true,
 And then you may kiss, but be mum, mum, mum.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE BUTTER WOMAN,

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

YE blooming maids from Mnemosyne sprung,
 Inspire my verse, as when great Virgil sung;
 Teach me in flowing numbers to relate,
 The fate of Dobbin, and his mistress Kate;
 Teach me with sympathetic woe to tell,
 What dire mishap the rustic dame befel.

AIR.

One morning early in the spring,
 When laylocks they were blowing,
 When o'er the lawns the blackbirds sing,
 And peasants they were mowing.

When nature paints the daisy'd mead,
 With beauty's art excelling,
 Dame Kate got on her founder'd steed,
 And left the rustic dwelling.

She jog'd along, replete with care,
 And of some matter scheming,
 Summing the profits of her ware,
 Of nought but int'rest dreaming.

At length the dame from silence broke,
 And thus began to solace,
 But first on Dobbin laid a stroke,
 That he might mend his slow pace.

C

Eighteen

Eighteen score new-laid eggs I've brought,
 Some chickens hatch'd last Easter;
 My eggs I'll sell for ten a groat,
 Each chicken for a tester.

All these will help to buy a cow,
 If I'm not very shallow;
 In time I shall have calves enough
 To buy a piece of fallow.

Who knows, e'er long, I rich may be,
 And wear the finest linen;
 The parson, he, may fancy me,
 And then I'll leave off spinning.

I know the dames will envy me,
 I'll care not for their gibing,
 But be as proud as any she,
 And wear my silks and ribbon.

RECITATIVE.

'Twas thus she ended, when a raven's croak
 She heard, descending from a neighbouring oak,
 A murrain on that whoreson croak, said she,
 That cursed noise forebodes no good to me:
 Down Dobbin fell, and o'er his batter'd frame,
 Tumbled the mighty castle-building dame:
 Her panniers break, her chickens went astray,
 And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the dirty way;
 Sprawling she lay, from head to foot besmear'd,
 Her 'kerchief torn, and her posteriors bar'd.—
 "So Cloacina, when she rears her head,
 "Above the stagnate water's putrid bed,
 "With yellow filth of od'rate common sewer,
 "Her matted hair and face is daub'd all o'er:"

She

She heav'd a sigh, which ask'd a quick relief,
Then thus in plaintive strains declar'd her grief.

AIR.

Oh, my bones are all fore,
And my cloaths are all tore,
I never was in such a pickle,
My belly is bare,
And my back, I declare,
Dame fortune is wond'rous fickle.
Cho. *Tol de rol.*

Curs'd Dobbin, 'tis you,
That's made this to do,
For had you stood firm on your legs,
All had been well,
I never had fell,
But got safe with my chickens and eggs.
Tol de rol.

Oh, terrible fate,
That I, who so late,
Thought of nothing but pleasure to come,
Should sprawl in the road,
All besmear'd like a toad,
From the crown of the head to the bum.
Tol de rol.

Oh, ye gods, how I ache !
Now I see my mistake,
Had I ta'en the sure-footed mare,
Left Dobbin at grass,
In the lane with the ass,
The market I'd reach'd with my ware.
Tol de rol.
Should

Should it come to the ear,
 The neighbours would sneer,
 The village would make me a jest ;
 Pray heav'n none's nigh,
 My misfortune to spy,
 And I'll evermore act for the best.

Tol de rol.

S O N G.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

THE greatest of blessings of life as we pass,
 Is a brush in a chimney, and cherishing glass,
 To heighten our spirits, and cause them to flow,
 And give us fresh vigour to sweep as we go.
 Tho' I sweep to and fro' I'd have you to know,
 We all love to sweep in the chimney below.

My lady she sweeps with the steward you know,
 My lord he sweeps with the de—I knows who,
 There's Johnny sweeps Betty, and Betty sweeps
 John,
 And it thro' the parlour and kitchen does run.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

Here's a chimney from Germany, if you'll presume
 To sweep it, why then you must bring a scotch
 broom,

Whose handle is tall, and first had its root,
 'Twee a couple of stones in the island of B—te.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

The

The chimney so tempting each night to be seen,
By the pains that they take you'd swear they were
clean;

But be not deceiv'd, for 'tis true, by my soul,
For by frequently sweeping, they often grow foul.

Tho' I sweep, &c

The fair city dames now think mean for to go
'To Haberdasher's-hall, but must hie to Soho,
And challenge at sweeping, my lady or grace,
For they'll handle a broom with the best in the
place.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

Here's sweeping above stairs, and sweeping below,
And the merchant he sweeps his maid Sally, you
know;

And Sal sweeps the clerk, and she tells him the fun,
And the clerk he tells madam, who sweeps in re-
turn.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

Thus we sweep and are swept, thro' life as we pass,
May it still be the comfort and toast of each glass,
It's custom so ancient, so pleasing a sport,
Besides, it's the fashion to follow the court.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

S O N G.

THE WEEK'S WORK.

MY wife she died last *Saturday* night,
I buried her on the *Sunday*;
I courted another, in coming from church,
And married again on *Monday*.

On *Tuesday* after, I stole a horse ;
 On *Wednesday* apprehended ;
 On *Thursday*, I was tried and cast ;
 And *To-morrow* the week will be ended.

S O N G.

THE HOUSE OF HUR FATHER.

AT Llantavre, Got pless hur, a place of renown,
 Hur was brought up, and born, 'twas a prafe
 gallant town ;
 Hur father, Got pless hur, did keep a good house
 Where never was lack of goot putting and soufe.

*Oh the house of hur father, hur father's goot house,
 Where never was lack of goot putting and soufe,
 Prafe barra-mennin and goot barra-choruse,
 And was it not, look you, a plentiful house.*

Hur father, Got pless hur, was prafe gallant man,
 A shentleman, look you,—and Morgan hur name ;
 Great wonders hur did in the wars of the place,
 Which caus'd many scars in hur worship's goot
 face.

Oh the house of hur father, &c.

So great was hur might, hur strength, and hur
 power,,
 For hur sprung from the loins of Great Owen Glen-
 dour,
 Hur slew many shiants, reliev'd many maids,
 A knight of great valour, but a cobbler by trade.

Oh the house of hur father, &c.

Of

Of dunnocks and goats hur had got store and plenty;
 Of leeks a great garden, with cabbages dainty,
 An old woodcock's bill for a pipe—with goot li-
 quor,

To comfort hur nose when hur sat in hur wicker.

Ob the house of hur father, &c.

Now hur father was tead—oh peace to her relique,
 Hur was dead of the wind in hur guts and the colic,
 Hur house, goots and chattles hur left to hur son,
 Who was look'd at by all as a triving young man.

Ob the house of hur father, &c.

But the first of great March, on St. Taffid's great
 day,

As thorough Llantavre hur took hur best way,
 With hur leek in hur hat, to show hur was going,
 With Shenkin and Morgan, and Watkin and
 Owen.

Ob the house of hur father, &c.

Now as hur was passing the folks all among,
 Sweet Winnefred's face hur beheld in a throng;
 St. David! how great was poor Hughy's surprize!
 When hur felt the sharp nettles that shot from hur
 eyes.

*Ob the marvellous eyes of sweet Winnefred Shones,
 Which makes hur sit sopping with sighing and groans,
 Making hur moans, with sighings and groans,
 Ob the marvellous eyes of sweet Winnefred Shones.*

The very first shaft hur receiv'd from hur quiver,
 Went thorough hur breastbone and stuck in hur
 liver,

Hur

Hur ploom poil'd and puppled and glow'd in a trice,
But Winnefred's, look you, was frozen as ice.

Oh the marvellous eyes, &c.

By Chesu hur swore hur wou'd pluck up a courage,
Hur went to hur and swore hur was good as leek
porrage,

But hur gimlet hur cock'd with an eye of disdain,
Which pierc'd hur heart thorough and thorough
again.

Oh the marvellous eyes, &c.

Cot splutter hur swore, for hur was in a passion,
Hur would hate all such jades as the plagues of the
nation :

But the slut was so cruel hur spit in hur face,
A sign hur was lack of goot preeding and grace.

Oh the damnable eyes of Miss Winnefred Shones.

So now hur will pack up her alls and be going,
And leave off such priples and praples as loving,
Farewel to Llvantavre of fairest renown,
Hur'll seek hur goot fortune in London fine town.

*Then adieu to the house, oh hur father's fine house,
Where newer was lack of goot putting and souse,
Praise barra-minnin and goot barra-chowse ;
Oh, was it not look you—a plentiful house ?*

S O N G.

DOODLE DOO.

Tune,—*Every where fine Ladies flirting,*

YOUNGLINGS fond of female chaces,
Mount on hopes in wedlock's races,
Some for fortune, some for faces.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Oh! th' extatic joys which flow, fir,
 When two souls congenial glow, fir,
 'This above, and that below, fir.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Each 'gainst each, like wrestlers, twining
 Each with each engagement joining,
 Now resisting, now resigning.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

When imparadiz'd they're pairing,—
 Ev'ry nerve stretch'd to its bearing,
 Hardly knowing what or wherein.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Fainting, panting—pulses thrilling—
 She—obedient waits, and willing,
 But he's out of breath with billing.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Fain the fair would fondly dally,
 Looking love—but he don't rally,
 Rather seeming—shilly shally.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Kissing, smiling, she cries—*so ! so !*
Go, you naughty creature—go ! go !
 While he yawns out—*ah ! ah !—oh ! oh !*

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

This indeed too oft the case is,
 Men will furious fall on faces,
 'Then fall of into-disgraces.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

All the work they make with woings,
Couplings, changings, cursings, cooings,
Are but doodle doodle doings.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

Falling back, then falling to, fir,
We, like babies, beauties woo, fir,
Love is—cock a doodle doo, fir.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

S O N G.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

Tune—Young Strephon he went t'other day to the wake.

WHILE gentlefolks strut in their silver and
fattins,

We poor folks that tramp it in straw hats and
pattens,

As merrily, old English ballads can sing-o,

As they in their opperores outlandish ling-o;

Calling out, bravo, encoro, and caro,

Tho' I will sing nothing but Bartleme fair-o.

Here first of all, crowds against other crowds
driving,

Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving;

Here's fiddling and fluting, and shouting and
shrieking,

Fife's, trumpets, drums, bag pipes, and barrow
girls squeaking:

My rare round and found, here's choice of fine
ware-o,

Though all is not found bought at Bartleme Fair-o.

Here are drolls, hornpipe-dancing, and shewing of
 postures ;
 Plumb-porridge, black puddings, and op'ning of
 oysters ;
 The tap-house guests fwearing, and gall'ry folks
 squalling,
 With salt-boxes, solos, and mouth-pieces bawling ;
 Pimps, pick-pockets, strollers, fat landladies,
 sailors,
 Bawds, bullies, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers and
 taylors.

Here's Punch's whole play of the gunpowder-plot,
 fir,
 Wild beasts all alive, and pease-porridge hot, fir :
 Fine sausages fry'd, and the black on the wire ;
 The whole court of France, and nice pigs at the
 fire.
 The ups and downs, who'll take a seat in the
 chair-o,
 There are more ups and downs than at Bartelme
 Fair-o.

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,
 The chaise without horses, and the Queen of Hun-
 gary ;
 The merry go rounds, come who rides, come who
 rides ;
 Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fire-eating besides ;
 The fam'd learned dog that can tell all his letters,
 And some men, as scholars, are not much his
 betters.

This world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong
 gay things ;
 Our passions, like children, are tempted by play-
 things,

By sound and by shew, by trash and by trumpery,
 The fal-lal's of fashion, and Frenchify'd frumpery.
 Life is but a droll, rather wretched than rare-o,
 And thus ends the ballad of Bartleme Fair-o.

S O N G.

A DRINKING SONG.

Tune—*Push about the brisk bowl.*

C O M E let us begin, for the clock has struck
ten,

Leave fooling, and take of your glass—
 He that will not, I'm sure (tho' he looks like a
 man)

Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Then let us be jovial and drink, sing and laugh,
 Let meagre despair sigh, alas!
 Fill the bumper, and he that drinks up but the half,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Take your glasses in hand, a fig for each elfe,
 Give the toast of some fav'rite lass:
 We'll pledge it, and he that does start before ~~twelve~~
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Come, give us a song, that is stock'd well with fun,
 Our time let it merrily pass:
 Be merry, I say, he that starts before *one*,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Here,

Here, free from our cares, let us pleasure pursue,
 Look on money as nothing but brass;
 Come lads, drink about, he that starts before *two*
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

Who rules will prescribe for such spirits as we,
 Their scheming is all but a farce;
 Whilst liquor enough he that starts before *three*
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

S O N G.

THE WONDER.

Tune—*Since Life's but a Jest.*

A Wonder! a wonder! a wonder I'll shew,
 You'll wonder indeed when this wonder you
 know,
 We are wonderful high and as wonderful low,
Which nobody can deny.

We always are wondring at ev'ry thing new,
 The good things we wonder at rich people do,
 'Tis a wonder indeed if such wonders are true,
Which nobody can deny.

Some wonderful folks make a wonderful rout,
 While some blunder in, other folks blunder out,
 We wonder what blunderers can be about,
Which nobody can deny.

One side says the times are so good they are glad ;
 The times, says the other side, ne'er were so bad ;
 No wonder if this side or that side is mad,
Which nobody can deny.

For the times, I some patriot changes propose,—
 That our taxes be less, and we wear plainer cloaths ;
 And that ev'ry wearer may pay what he owes,
Which nobody can deny.

Imprimis,—reflect on the taxes on wheels,
 On cards, and the claret we waste at our meals ;
 These grievances both parties equally feels,
Which nobody can deny.

To be sure we must own it is cursed provoking,
 To see how some people their vices are cloaking,
 While *virtue*—but, neighbours, don't think I am
 joking,
Which nobody can deny.

For my grandfather said, and his name is rever'd,
 That his father's father had oftentimes heard,
 How *virtue*, when he was a school-boy, appear'd,
Which nobody can deny.

She fled, without leaving behind her directions,
 'Twas in vain, she observ'd, to oppose such con-
 nections,
 As turtle-feasts, cuckoldoms, cards, and elections,
Which nobody can deny.

You may think me severe, but indeed you think
 wrong,
 I promis'd a wonder at first in my song,
 And the wonder is—How cou'd you listen so long ?
Which nobody can deny.

S O N G.

THE MERRY FELLOW.

HE that will not merry merry be
 With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post.

Let him be merry merry there,
 And we'll be merry merry here ;
 For who can know where we shall go
 To be merry another year ?

He that will not merry merry be,
 And take his glass in course,
 May he be obliged to drink small beer,
 With ne'er a penny in his purse.

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise.

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be
 With his mistress in his bed,
 Let him be buried in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead.

Let him be merry, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY MILLER.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be
less;

On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

Which is, &c.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau;
A clown in his dress may be honefter far,
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Than a courtier, &c.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they'r not fit to be
seen,

The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal,
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like
meal.

Gold in handling, &c.

What then, if a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks;
In this sort, of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Who borrow, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he mimics the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

As all his, &c.

He eats when he's hungry and drinks when he's
dry,

And down when he's weary contented does lie ;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing ;
If so happy a miller then who'd be a king ?

S O N G.

THE GENERAL HUNT.

TO horse, ye jolly sportsmen,
And greet the new-born Day ;
Incessant, lo ! thro' nature's field,
Each creature hunts his prey.

And a hunting, &c.

Dame nature teaches Reynard, craft
T' o'er-reach the feather'd flocks ;
And we pursue the chiding dogs,
While they run down the fox.

And a hunting, &c.

Mankind hunt one another ;
Your great men hunt the small ;
Some hunt for heaven, and some for hell ;
Old Satan hunts us all.

And a hunting, &c.

Some fain would hunt for honour,
A game that's hard to find ;
The needy hunt for charity,
And may go hunt the wind.

And a hunting, &c.

Our patriots loudly bellow,
 The nation's desp'rate case,
 While all their stir and bustle's made
 In hunting out a place.

And a hunting &c.

Full cry the tories hunt the whigs,
 Who in their turn pursue ;
 And running one another down,
 Run down their country too.

And a hunting. &c.

The lawyer hunts out quibbles,
 Your title to maintain ;
 He'll hunt the right 'till it be wrong,
 Then hunt it back again.

And a hunting, &c.

The toper daily hunts his pot,
 Both care and sense to drown ;
 Whilst gamesters hunt another's purse
 And lose fight of their own.

And a hunting, &c.

The lasses hunt their lovers,
 Each lover hunts his lass ;
 The fop in chace of his dear face,
 Hunts out his looking-glass.

And a hunting, &c.

O'er hill and dale with hound and horn,
 Let's hunt boys while 'tis light ;
 Then joyous we'll o'er flowing bowls
 Revive the chace at night.

And a hunting, &c.

S O N G.

LITTLE BINGO.

THE farmer's dog leap't over the stile,
His name was little Bingo.

The farmer's dog leap't over the stile,

His name was little Bingo.

B with an I—I with an N,

N with a G—G with an O ;

His name was little Bingo :

B—I—N—G—O !

His name was little Bingo.

The farmer lov'd a cup of good ale,

He call'd it rare good ftingo.

The farmer lov'd, &c.

S—T with an I, &c.

And is not this a sweet little song ?

I think it is—by Jingo.

And is not this, &c.

J with an I, &c.

S O N G.

THE MERRY SAILOR.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main ;

No treasure he ever amasses,

But cheerfully spends all his gain :

We're

We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true,
 And wou'd not commit a base action
 For power and profit in view.

Chorus.—*Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys ?
 A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
 Goes thorough the world, brave boys.*

The world is a beautiful garden,
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life ;
 The toiler with plenty rewarding,
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.
 When terrible tempests assail us,
 And mountainous billows affright ;
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us ;
 But skilful industry steers right.

Cho.—*Then why should we, &c.*

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we, who to politics strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great.
 The various blessings of nature,
 In various nations we try ;
 No mortals than us can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.

Cho.—*Then why should we, &c.*

S O N G.

S O N G.

NAN AND JACK.

Written by the late Harry Howard.

AS Billingsgate Nan was adjusting her fish,
 Jack Roe, from whose boat there came many
 a dish,

Beheld the young leerer with countenance odd,
 And ask'd if she wanted a bargain of cod.

Derry down, &c.

With a snap of her fingers, and turn of her head,
 She answer'd, she knew very well what he said ;
 But the bargain at present was not quite the thing,
 As she'd got a large stock of most excellent ling.

Derry down, &c.

My maid, then cry'd Jack, who was ty'd by love's
 tether,

Let us put our commodities now both together ;
 My cod and your ling, if you'll take my advice,
 Will fetch in love's market, a very good price.

Derry down, &c.

As red as a lobster her countenance grew,
 Not salmon had ever so charming a hue ;
 That he'd fish for her always, he swore by his soul,
 And, without more ado, had a smack at her jole.

Derry down, &c.

He found by the smack, she was ready to melt,
 And call'd her his gudgeon, his cray-nib and smelt ;

To

To his boat then he took her, and push'd off his
keel,

And twist'd about her, just like to an eel.

Derry down, &c.

His net in the Thames while he constantly leaves,
And not in the least fearful of winds or waves ;
Plump Nan with her basket makes vocal the streets,
And will shew her fine fish to each one that she
meets.

Derry down, &c.

Industrious and cheerful they pass ev'ry day,
There is few in high life are so happy as they ;
At night they will frolick, will drink, and will sing,
She's pleas'd with his cod, he's pleas'd with her
ling.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

FRENCH MILLENER.

A Pretty french millener ow'd me some money,
Which she promis'd to pay in a manner quite
funny :

She told me one day, in a manner bewitching,
Monsieur, me will pay you your money in stitching.

Derry down, &c.

Me can make you some shirts a-la-mode Parée,
Vid the ruffles so fine you never did see :
Mine trade is to hem, and to whip, and to stitch
Repondez, Monsieur, you look black as pish.

Derry down, &c.

I told

I told her I wanted no ruffles nor shirts,
 Resolving no more to deal with such flirts;
 She quickly reply'd, den Monsieur, if you won't,
 Begar, den me never can fettle my conte.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

SONG UPON SONGS.

COME every brisk soul,
 Who delights in a bowl,
 In mirth, or what to it belongs;
 Attend to my verse,
 While here I rehearse,
 To please you, a song upon songs.

But first I declare,
 To him that will hear,
 This little original song,
 Let him think what he will,
 Nought offensive or ill
 Is contain'd in my song upon songs.

Great statesmen conceal
 Their schemes wheel in wheel,
 And under disguise commit wrongs;
 I nobody hurt,
 But contribute to sport,
 By writing this song upon songs.

The boisterous knave,
 Who pretends to be brave,
 And boasts of his fights, and ding-dongs;
 When put to the test,
 How fallen his crest,
 And his courage a song upon songs.

The clergy resort
 To superiors at court,
 And crave for fat livings in throngs;
 While I, with low aim,
 Aspire to fame,
 In scribbling a song upon songs.

Taste differs in all,
 In great and in small,
 A hobby-horse to all belongs,
 A girl, ball, or play,
 A review, or birth-day,
 Or even a song upon songs.

Guitars with some suit,
 Some a fiddle or flute,
 And some love a poker and tongs;
 Some admire duettos,
 And others cantatos,
 And others my song upon songs.

Let all who've the spleen,
 Buy this magazine,
 Such property to it belongs;
 'Twill give them a cure,
 As certain and sure
 As this is a song upon songs.

But if you proceed,
 And continue to read,
 Each song to which this book belongs;
 You'll own, I believe,
 Many pleasures can give,
 Besides this our song upon songs.

S O N G.

THE CIRCUM BIBBER DUM.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Strangers at Home.

TH O' I can't walk quite straight,
 And in figure of eight,
 Still circling, my legs do their duty,
 You'll always observe,
 That a regular curve
 Is reckon'd the true line of beauty.
 Of Orpheus they tell,
 (He who fiddled so well)
 That his notes made hills, rocks, and trees caper;
 So I can in my way,
 When a Solo I play,
 Make 'em dance full as well as that Scaper.
 Tho' at first on a survey,
 Things seem topsy-turvey,
 When your us'd to't, they don't look so frightful;
 Still they move, more or less;
 And good judges confess,
 Moving prospects are always delightful.
 The world's circular motion,
 I'm sure's no false notion;
 For tho' sober I ne'er could believe it,
 Truth in wine, boys, is found,
 Now I see it turns round; —
 He that's drunk can most plainly perceive it.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Jordan, in the Strangers at Home.

WHEN first I began, fir, to ogle the ladies,
 And soft nothings to say as a pretty fellow's
 trade is;
 Whilst with rapturous praises I dwelt on each
 feature,
 If I stole a fly kiss—'twas fye, you wicked creature;
 But soon in tones lower and softer and sweeter,
 Half pleas'd they wou'd whisper—fye, you wicked
 creature.

Indeed my attractions no gallantry needed,
 Each Evening new conquests to conquests succeeded;
 Perplex'd how so many fond claims I should parry,
 To settle them all I resolv'd, faith, to marry;
 And pres'd lovely Laura, in language still sweeter,
 'Till blushing, she whisper'd—I'm your's, you
 wicked creature.

S O N G.

THE CAUTIOUS LANDLADY.

AS landlady Dobbins, a Whitfieldhite pure,
 At Meeting one Sunday delay'd,
 Coming home unexpected, she caught on the floor,
 Her Tapster with Dolly the maid.

She

She flew to the ladle, the poker, and spit;

But at last she began to proceed,

Sure Satan himself of the bottomless pit

Will avenge such a damnable deed.

Pack off, thou damn'd deg, or I'll give thee a dounce,

Avaunt with thy Babylon whore;

What, when I have twenty good beds in my house,

To do such a thing on the floor.

S O N G.

BRIDEWELL'S WELCOME,

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Choice of Harlequin.

YE Scamps, ye Pads, ye Divers, and all upon
the lay,

In Tothill-Fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs ye
sport and play,

Rattling up your darbies, come hither at my call,

I'm Jigger Dubber here, and you're welcome to
Mill Doll.

With my tow row, &c.

At your insurance-office the flats you've taken in;
The game you've play'd, my kiddy, you're always
sure to win:

First you touch the shiners—the number up—you
break,

With your insuring policy! I'd not insure your neck.

With my tow row, &c.

The French with trotters nimble, could fly from
 English blows,
 And they've got nimble daddles, as Monsieur
 plainly shews:
 Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd, ay, thump away
 Monsieur,

The hemp you're beating now, will make your
 solitaire.

With my tow row, &c.

My peepers, who've we here now! why this is sure
 Black Moll;

My ma'am, you're of the fair fex, so welcome to
 Mill Doll;

The cull with you, who'd venture into a snoozing
 ken,

Like Blackamoor Othello, should put out the light,
 and then——

With my tow row, &c.

I think, my flashy coachman, that you'll take
 better care,

Not for a little bub come the slang upon your fare:

Your jazy pays the garnish, unless the fees you tip,

Tho' you're a flashy coachman, here the gagger
 holds the whip.

With my tow row, &c.

CHORUS.

We're Scamps, we're Pads, we're Divers, we're all
 upon the lay,

In Tothill-fields gay sheep-walk; like lambs we
 sport and play;

Rattling up our darbies, we're hither at your call,

You are Jigger Dubber here, and we're forc'd for
 to Mill Doll.

With my tow row, &c.

S O N G.

THE BRUSH-MAKER.

I AM a young brush-maker launch'd into life,
 And want to possess a choice thing call'd a wife ;
 Yet my efforts the women regard not a rush,
 When I ask'd them the question, they all bid me
brush.

Derry down, &c.

I courted Clorinda, whose father makes candles,
 Commending her hand while *long fixes* she handles ;
 Some freedoms I took, which provoking a blush,
 She alarm'd the old man, and he forc'd me to *brush.*

Derry down, &c.

On Pricella the fair, I next made an attack ;
 When boasting of nose, and the strength of my back ;
 With hopes of success I began to be flush,
 But she at that crisis, refus'd me a *brush.*

Derry down, &c.

In this sad dilemma, what course could I steer,
 The sex are so cruel, so coy, so severe ;
 I apply'd to young Kitty, who bade me be hush,
 And said, to oblige me, she'd grant me a *brush.*

Derry down, &c.

I often repeat these sweet visits to Kate,
 Who rejoices to see me both early and late ;
 The priest shall say grace, and we'll *brush it about*,
At morn, noon, and night, 'till the brush is worn out.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

THE KENNEL RAKER, OR GRUBBER.

THO' I sweep to and fro, old iron to find,
 Brass pins, rusty nails, they are all to my
 mind;

Yet I wear a sound heart true to great George our
 king;

And tho' ragged and poor, with clear conscience can
 sing.

*Tho' I sweep to and fro, yet I'd have you to know,
 There are sweepers in high life as well as in low.*

The statesman he sweeps in his coffers the blunt,
 That should pay the poor soldiers that honour de
 hunt;

The action, tho' dirty, he cares not a straw,
 So he gets but the ready the rabble may jaw.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

I'm told that the parson, for I never go,
 To hear a man preach what he'll never stick to;
 'Tis all for the sweepings he tips ye the cant,
 You might pray by yourselves else, depend Sirs,
 upon't.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

One sweeps you from this life you cannot tell where.
 And what place you go to the doctor don't care,
 So he brings in his bill, your long purses to broach,
 Then he laughs in his sleeve as he rides in his coach,

Tho' I sweep, &c.

Your

Your counsel may plead, but pray what is it for,
 His eye's on your fob, whilst he chatters the law;
 Tongue-padding he rakes ye and sweeps you quite
 clear,
 Of what's better than iron you need not to fear.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

But honesty's best in what station we are,
 For the grand sweeper, Death, we can sooner pre-
 pare;
 Your statesman, your parson, your phyfic and law,
 When Death takes a sweep are no more than a chaw.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

S O N G.

MOLL THOMPSON'S MARK.

THERE is a cant saying has long been in use,
 Applied to the foolish, the vain, and profuse,
 MT sounds empty, wrote a witty young spark,
 Comes another and construes it Moll Thompson's
 mark.

Derry down, &c.

As the mark of Moll Thompson, some meaning doth
 bear,
 Which gents in appearance do too often wear,
 Let's toss it about, for no harm do I see,
 Can result from the freedom of using MT.

Derry down, &c.

The prig in the city with air debonnaire,
 Apes his lordship in dress, and bawls out—a chair;
 With object inferior he scorns to be free,
 And his head void of thought, bears mark of MT.
Derry down, &c.

The Alderman plac'd in his great chair of state,
 To prove his sound wisdom old laws will relate;
 No man, o'er a haunch, acts so greatly as he,
 But his belly excluded, the rest is MT.
Derry down, &c.

A cask that is empty affords the most sound,
 So blades fond of spouting in noise much abound;
 Their answers must comic or tragical be,
 They throw nature aside to wear mark of MT.
Derry down, &c.

The player affected, so vain his desire,
 For gold uses tinsel to grace his attire;
 Tho' deck'd in appearance, aye gay as can be,
 His pocket (sad fortune) wears mark of MT.
Derry down, &c.

Demurely the maiden to Whitfield repairs,
 With half-crowns in plenty to pay for his prayers;
 The doctor delighted the specie to see,
 Her pocket soon drains to the mark of MT.
Derry down, &c.

Since Moll Thompson's mark for discredit doth pass,
 Come join in my toast, and each man drink his glass,
 May our heads and our pockets for ever be free
 From scandalous term of the mark of MT.
Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

LAUGH AND LAY DOWN.

WHILE others attempt heavy minutes to kill,
 With Ombre, with Commerce, Picquett,
 or Quadrille;
 For once let us sing an old game of renown,
 The old British pastime call'd laugh and lay down

*Hey down derry, ho down derry,
 Hey down derry, hey ho, hey ho.*

This pastime the fountain and source of all arts,
 Is play'd by the force of mere natural parts,
 Its rules are so plain, from the plough take a clown,
 And he'll match the best monarch at laugh and lay
 down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Old miserly wretches who starve in their rags,
 To add to the weight of their ill-gotten bags;
 At night from their chests they will squeeze half a
 crown,
 To sport with a damsel at laugh and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Fat Aldermen too (tho' it pass all belief)
 Forsake for this game even pudding and beef,
 Their senses in claret no longer they drown,
 When spousey invites them to laugh and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

D 5

Tho'

This game to promote, all professions agree,
The lawyers esteem it as good as a fee,
The physical college with candour will own,
That nature's best cordial is laugh and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Our reason as well as our sense it refines,
Or it ne'er would be practis'd by pious divines,
Archbishops and priests (no disgrace to the gown)
To a man are all clever at laugh and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

The women of all things are fond of this sport,
From the ruddy milk-maid to the duchess at court,
Only play your cards well, and with black, fair and
brown,
You'll ne'er want a partner at laugh and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

'Tho' prudes may with coyness object to this play,
'Tis the joy of their hearts, spite of all they can say;
'Tho' they pish and cry fye, and refuse with a frown,
Do but push the thing home, and they'll laugh and
lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Ye batchelors who to the game have regard,
This moral will teach you to play a sure card ;
Take blooming young wives, bid adieu to the town,
And with them spend your evenings at laugh and
lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

S O N G.

ALL IS A JOKE.

YE bucks and ye bloods, who love tipling and
 smoaking,
 Who season each moment with laughing and joking,
 A while be but silent, attend what is spoke,
 And I'll make it appear that the world is a joke.

*Sing tantarara joke all, joke all,
 Sing tantarara joke all.*

The patriot so grave, from plain fir to his grace,
 For his country will bawl—till he gets a good place,
 Then he lays down the mask, and he throws of the
 cloak,
 And proves what he said was, alas!—but in joke.

Sing tantararara, &c.

The gen'ral so brave, would his post soon betray,
 If the foe would genteelly but double his pay;
 No longer would venture with cannon and smoke,
 But resign and retire, and then laugh at the joke.

Sing tantararara, &c.

The lawyer, who pleads that your cause is quite
 good,
 Tho' he knows by himself it is not understood,

D 6

When

When he's drain'd all the fees that he can from
your poke,
Your cause is neglected, and all is a joke.

Sing tantararara, &c.

The physician so prim, with his cane and largewig,
Who lols in his chariot, and looks very big ;
When death comes and gives you the finishing stroke,
You'll find his prescriptions were all but a joke.

Sing tantararara, &c.

The next is old spin-text, reclaimer of evil,
Who says for your sins you will go to the devil ;
When out of the pulpet, he'll wench, drink, and
fmoke,
And all will conclude, then his preaching's a joke.

Sing tantararara, &c.

The ladies so virtuous, so charming and pretty,
Who rail against lovers, and cast away pitty ;
Such railing, we know, is no more than a cloak,
For ladies were always all fond of a joke.

Sing tantararara, &c.

The flattering fop, and the tradesmen who cheat,
Will joke at each other when passing the street ;
Nay, he that can't joke, we a ninny should call,
So let us sing tantararara, joke all.

Sing tantararara, &c.

S O N G.

THE SANDMAN'S WEDDING.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS Joe the sandman drove his noble team,
 Of raw-rump'd asses, sand-ho! was his theme;
 Just as he turn'd the corner of the street,
 His dear lov'd Befs, the bunter, chanc'd to meet:
 With joy cry'd woa, did turn his quid, and stare,
 First suck'd her jole, then thus address'd the fair.

AIR.

Forgive me if I praise those charms,
 Thy darting eyes, lips, neck and arms;
 Thy breasts to Joe always appear
 Like two small hills of sand my dear:
 Thy beauties, Bet, from top to toe,
 Have stole the heart of sandman Joe.

Come, wed, my dear, and let's agree,
 Then of the gin-club you'll be free;
 No brickmaker, or ragman's frow,
 Dare then reproach my Befs for Joe;
 For he's the kiddy rum and queer,
 That all St. Giles's boys doth fear.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

Befs, swell'd with gratitude, at length reply'd,
 Must Joey proffer thus and be deny'd?
 No, no my Joe shall have his heart's delight,
 And we'll be wedded e'er we sleep this night;
 Well spoke, quoth Joe, no more you need to say;
 Gee up, gallows, do you want any sand to-day!

AIR.

Joe quickly his sand he had fold, fir,
 And Befs got a basket of rags,
 Then up to St. Giles's they stroll'd, fir,
 To every bunter Befs brags;
 Then into the gin-shop they pike it,
 Where Befs was admitted we hear,
 For none of the crew dare but like it,
 As Joey her kiddy was there.

Full of glee, until ten, that they started,
 For supper Joe sent out a win;
 A hogs maw betwixt them was parted,
 After they had fill'd it with gin;
 It was on an old leather trunk, fir,
 They married were, never to part;
 But Bessy she being-blind drunk, fir,
 Joe drove her away in his cart.

 S O N G.

THE LITTLE BLACK THING.

YE nymphs, and ye swains, that trip the gay
 plains,
 Come listen a while to my sorrowful strains;

Oh! hear me with pity, no trifle I sing,
'Tis no less than the loss of my little black thing.

Derry down, &c.

At cards as I sat with my friends t'other day,
To banish dull vapours, and drive spleen away;
Young Colin, as frisky as birds in the spring,
Sat toying the while with my little black thing.

Derry down, &c.

On me his sly looks were most constantly bent,
To gaze on my bauble for ever intent;
Topsy turvy his eyes he would frequently fling,
While he roguishly handled my little black thing.

Derry down, &c.

I dream'd of no mischief, but let him enjoy,
The innocent pleasure to play with my toy:
But when that his humour was left to the swing,
He would more than have play'd with my little
black thing.

Derry down, &c.

Ten thousand soft whispers he forc'd in my ear;
I bid him be gone: he vow'd I should hear,
I had not the power left from him to spring,
He had so fast hold of my little black thing.

Derry down, &c.

He was smiling at something,—I ask'd what it was?
He answer'd (still smiling) that I was the cause;
He swore, he had rather, than call him a king,
Be playing all night with my little black thing.

Derry down, &c.

My,

- ‘ My dear girl, said he, if on terms you will treat,
 - ‘ Be kind, and I’ll fall like a lamb at your feet:
 - ‘ Sweet creature, he cry’d, while round you I cling,
 - ‘ Surrender one moment your little black thing.
- Derry down, &c.*

I sigh’d, and said—no—but as well might have
comply’d;

He was fix’d to obtain what in vain I deny’d;
The rest of my story, oh! how shall I sing,
In words, how he tore up my little black thing.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

THE WANTON VIRGINS FRIGHTED.

Tune,—If you at an office solicit your due.

YOU that delight in a jocular song,
Come listen unto me awhile, sir,
I will engage you shall not tarry long,
Before it shall make you to smile, sir,
Near to the town their liv’d an old man,
Had three pretty maids to his daughters;
Of whom I will tell such a story anon,
Will tickle your fancy with laughter.

The old man he had in his garden a pond,
’Twas in very fine summer weather;
The Daughters one night they were all very fond,
To go and bathe in it together:

On

On which they agreed, but happen'd to be
 O'er heard by a youth in the house, fir,
 Who got into the garden, and climb'd up a tree,
 And there sat as still as a mouse, fir.

The branch were he sat it hung over the pond,
 At each puff of wind he did totter;
 Pleas'd with the thought he should sit abscond,
 And see them go into the water:
 When the old man was safe in his bed,
 The daughters then to the pond went, fir,
 One to the other two laughing she said,
 As high as our bobbies we'll venture.

Upon the tender green grass they sat down,
 They all were of delicate feature;
 Each pluck'd off her petticoat, smock and gown,
 No fight could ever be sweeter:
 Into the pond then dabbling they went,
 So clean that they needed no washing;
 But they were all so unluckily bent.
 Like boys they began to be dashing.

If any body should see us, says one,
 They'd think we were boding of evils;
 And from the sight of us quickly would run,
 And avoid so many white devils:
 This put the youth in a merry pin,
 He let go his hold thro' his laughter;
 And as it fell out, he fell tumbling in,
 And scar'd them all out of the water.

The old man by this time the noise had heard,
 And rose out of bed in a fright, fir,
 And comes to the door with a rusty old sword,
 There stood in a posture to fight, fir:

The

The daughters they all came tumbling in,
 And over their dad they did blunder,
 Who cry'd out aloud, mercy, good gentlemen,
 And thought they were thieves came to plunder;

The noise by this time the neighbours had heard,
 Who came with long clubs to assist him;
 He told them, three bloody rogues ran up stairs,
 He dar'd by no means to resist them:
 For they were cloathed all in their buff,
 He saw as they shov'd in their shoulders;
 And black bandaliers hung before like a ruff,
 Which made him believe they were soldiers.

The virgins their cloaths in the garden had left,
 And the keys of their trunks in their pockets;
 To put on the sheets they were fain to make shift,
 Their chest they could not unlock it:
 At last ventur'd up these valiant men,
 Thus arm'd with courage undaunted;
 But took them for spirits and run back again,
 And swore that the house it was haunted.

As they retreated the young man they met,
 Come shiv'ring in at the door, fir,
 Who look'd like a rat with his cloaths dropping wet
 No rogue that was pump'd could look worser:
 All were amaz'd to see him come in,
 And ask'd of him what was the matter?
 He told them the story, and where he had been,
 Which set them all in a loud laughter.

Quoth the old daddy, I was in a huff,
 And reckon'd to cut them asunder;
 Thinking they had been soldiers in buff,
 That came here to rifle and plunder:

But

But they are my daughters whom I loved,
 All frighted from private diversion;
 Therefore I'll put up my old rusty sword
 For why should I be in a passion.

S O N G.

LANDLADY CASEY,

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in Fontainebleau.

THE British lion is my sign,
 A roaring trade I drive on;
 Right English usage,—neat French wine
 A landlady may thrive on.
 At table d'hotte, to eat and drink,
 Let French and English mingle,
 And while to me they bring the chink,
 Faith, let the glasses jingle;
 Your rhino rattle, come
 Men and cattle, come
 All to Mrs. Casey;
 Of trouble and money,
 My jewel, my honey,
 I warrant I'll make you easy.

When drest and feated in my bar,
 Let squire, or beau, or belle come,
 Let captains kiss me if they dare,
 It's, sir, you're kindly welcome!
 On Shuffle, Cog, and Slip, I wink,
 Let Rooks and Pigeons mingle,
 And if to me they bring the chink,
 Faith let the glasses jingle.

your rhino rattle, come, &c.

Let love fly here on filken wings,
 His tricks I still connive at ;
 The lover who would say soft things,
 Shall have a room in private.
 On pleasure I am pleas'd to wink,
 So lips in kisses mingle,
 For while to me they bring the chink,
 Faith, let the glasses jingle.

Your rhino ratt.e, come, &c.

S O N G.

THE FRENCH TAYLOR,

Sung by Mr. Quick, in Fontainebleau.

A Londres, I was taylor nice,
 And work for Lor so gay,
 He never beat me down my price,
 But den he never pay ;
 From Lor I could no money get,
 My Draper wou'd not stay ;
 So, like my Lor, I run in debt,
 And den I run away.

Vid trick on card, I please my Lor,
 He wonder how I do't.
 And ladies, all, my skill adore,
 Ven cock in glafs I shoot.
 De British guinea I command
 My pocket to recruit,
 I shirt it off by flight of hand,
 Shift off by flight of foot.

Now

Now here en France, I have no dread

For Lor to move my shear,

For here en France, dey cannot plead

De privilege of Peer.

Monseieur, if you employ a me

And pretty coat vou'd veer,

Your little tailleure here I be,

Tres humble serviteur.

SONG.

THE WELCH SQUIRE,

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Fontainbleau.

IN London my life is a ring of delight,
 In frolicks I keep up the day and the night;
 I snooze at the hummums 'till twelve, perhaps later,
 I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter:
 Your honour, says he, and he tips me a leg,
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;
 For tea in the morning's a slop I renounce,
 So I down with a glass of the right cherry bounce.
 With swearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting, flashing,
 smashing, smacking, cracking, rumbling,
 tumbling;
 Laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joaking, swagger-
 ing, staggering;
 So thoughtless, so knowing, so green and so mellow;
 This, this, is the life of a frolicksome fellow.

My phæt'n I mount, and the plebs they all stare,
 I handle my reins and my elbows I square;
 My ponies so plump, and as white as a lily,
 'Through Pall-Mail I spank it, and up Piccadilly;

Till losing a wheel, egad down came I smack,
 So at Knightsbridge I throw myself into a hack;
 At Tatterfall's sling a leg over my nag,
 Thus visit for dinner, then dress in a bag.

With swearing, &c.

I roll round the garden, and call at the rose.
 And then at both Play-Houses pop in my nose;
 I lounge in the lobby, laugh, swear, slide and
 swagger,

Talk loud, teke my money, and out again stagger.
 I meet at the Shakespear a good natur'd soul,
 Then down to our club at St. James's I roll;
 The joys of the night are a thousand at play,
 And thus at the finish begin the next day.

With swearing, &c.

S O N G.

THE WILLING CHAMBERMAID,

Sung by Mrs. Martyr, in Fontainebleau.

INDEED I'll do the best I can
 To please so kind a gentleman:
 You lodge with us, and you shall see,
 How careful poor Nannette will be;
 So nice, so neat, so clean your room,
 With bow pots for the sweet perfume:

A'n't please you, sir,

When you get up,

Your coffee brown

In china cup,

Dinner, desert,

And bon soupier:

Sir, mon honneur, at night you be
 With waxen taper lit to bed,
 By poor Nannette your chambermaid.

. S O N G .

JOHN BULL IN FRANCE,

Sung by Mr. Wilson, in Fontainebleau.

I'M here in France; and more fool I,
 To quit my beef and pudden;
 At ton and taste you all will cry,
 Oh! yes; John Bull's a good'n.
 In air and dress, no travell'd mac
 Of joint shall put my nose out;
 At shrug and grin I've got the knac,
 And see I turn my toes out.

Tol, lol, lol.

Gadzooks! so fine myself I'll rig,
 That nobody shall know me,
 My shining pate I'll strait unwig,
 In silk Monsieur shall sow me.
 My arm shall squeeze a chapeau bras,
 No more I'll block my beaver;
 I'll stare and cock my opera glafs,
 And strut so monitrous clever!

Tol, lol, lol.

I'll take a Lady to the ball,
 And lest that I should shock her,
 My head is puff'd with Marechal,
 And to my back a knocker.
 To make my fist appear a hand,
 I'll draw on gloves of chicken,
 And Wilkes's wriggle plays the band,
 While cotillions were kicking.

Tol, lol, lol.

S O N G .

SONO G.

THE LAD FOR ME,

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in Fontainebleau.

KILKENNY is a handsome place
 As any a town in Shamrockshire;
 There first I saw my Jemmy's face,
 There Jemmy first beheld his dear:
 My love he was a bashful boy,
 And I a simple girl to see;
 Yet I was Jemmy's only joy,
 And Jemmy was the lad for me.

But Dublin city bore the bell
 In streets and squares, and houses fine;
 Oh! there young Dick his love could tell,
 And there I told young Dickey mine:
 For Dick he was a roving blade,
 And I was hearty, wild and free;
 He lov'd, and I his love repaid,
 Then Dickey was the lad for me!

When Dover strand my happy lot,
 And William there my love did crown;
 Young Dick and Jemmy I forgot,
 Kilkenny fair, and Dublin town:
 For William was a gentle youth,
 Too bashful, nor too bold was he:
 He said he lov'd, and told me truth,
 And William was the lad for me.

SON G.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Fontainbleau.

THE WEDDING DAY.

THE morning we're married, how funny and jolly,
 The bridegroom Sir Shenkin, the prite Lady Tolly!
 When rous'd by sweet clamour we open our peepers,
 And Phœbus salute in our night-gowns and slippers;
 Then under our windows musicians all come,
 Play fittle, sweet hautboy, sharp flagelet, drum.
 But 'till the harp's melodious tingle,
 All is puff, rattle, squeak and jingle.

The cymbals they grind, and the basses they grumble,
 Pianos and fortes, a delicate jumble.
 All joy to your honours. See, see how they flock,
 Whilst cleaver and marrowbone go nick-y-knock,
 Tantivy the horn, tantara the trumpet
 Sound, found——while we swallow our coffee and crumpet.

But 'till, &c.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Turk and no Turk.

THE SERVANT'S DISASTER.

I Am worse than poor debtors, coop'd up in their cages:
 Board wages I had, now bare boards are my wages.
 To get into bad bread sure I had no call, fir,
 But bad bread is better than no bread at all, fir!

E

AH

All, fir,
 Small, fir,
 No bread at all, fir, oh!

Oh had I a wife, tho' half starv'd like your humble,
 There's some consolation in something to mumble;
 Yet I'm married, tho' single—I tell you no fibs, fir,
 Here, look at my waistcoat—I'm nothing but ribs,
 fir!

Fibs, fir,
 Ribs, fir,
 Nothing but ribs, fir, oh!

Was ever poor servant in such a disaster!
 I'm master'd by starving, and starv'd by my master;
 I'm in a sad taking—with nothing to take, fir,
 I'd stake all I'm worth to be worth a beef steak, fir!

Take, fir,
 Steak, fir,
 Take a beef steak fir, oh!

S O N G,

Sung by Mrs. Webb, in Fontainebleau.

THE BRITISH GRENADIER.

SOME talk of Cherokees, fir, and some of
 Catabaws,
 And some of inky Indians, carousing with their
 Squaws;
 But what are Gentoo Generals, or tawney chiefs so
 queer?
 For shapes, and dress, and war, give me a jolly
 Grenadier! No

No Prince for me, from Africa, no Otaheite Kings,
 Who grunt like hogs, and like the hogs, have noses
 bor'd with rings;
 With grass-green cheeks, and sky-blue lips, and
 bobs' at either ear;
 No cheeks, or lips, or bobs for me, but Bob the
 Grenadier.

Odd fishes sure are blackamoors, and when on En-
 glish ground,
 May each odd fish, so black and grim, a lobster
 true be found!
 Then quickly let 'em go to pot, and find hot water
 here,
 And every sable chieftain turn a scarlet Grenadier!

S O N G,

Sung by Miss George in Turk and no Turk.

DEBORAH AND JONATHAN.

JONATHAN a wooing went,
 He was such a bonny man!

And matrimony was the bent

Of little jolly Jonathan.

Deborah, the damsel's name,

Buxom was, and frisky-o!

And sure as ever Sunday came,

He drove her in his whisky-o.

Oh the whisky!

Fine and frisky!

What a happy maid and man,

Deborah and Jonathan!

E 2

Jonathan

Jonathan, a squabby elf,
 Very short tho' strong enough,
 Found his wooing, like himself,
 Not half a quarter long enough,
 Cries he "'twill be a lucky hit,
 With wealthy Deb to tether-o !
 So dug for Deb the marriage pit,
 And in they fell together-o !
 O the tumble !
 Jolt and jumble !
 What a frisky wife and man,
 Deborah and Jonathan !

Deborah had money got ;
 Jonathan diminish'd it !
 Drank about, nor left his pot,
 'Till fifty times he finish'd it.
 When tipsy he, then Deb will pout ;
 When sober, scratch and quarrel-o !
 He bangs the door, damns, flounces out,
 And soaks again his barrel-o !
 O the croaking !
 Scratching, soaking !
 What a happy wife and man,
 Deborah and Jonathan !

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Turk and no Turk.

TIGHT LITTLE PETER.

LOOK maids ! I cock my hat !
 John's but a poor creature ;
 Sam's skinny, Bob's fat,
 All fools to little Peter !

Ev'ry

Ev'ry girl's chin is cocking,
 Twig my leg, and tight silk stocking;

A'n't I the clean thing?
 Tight boy! little Peter!

Speak maids! before it's late,
 You will find none neater;

Fan, Nan, Patty, Kate,
 All come to little Peter!

I'm a lad so neat and natty,
 S'bobs, girls, but I'll be at ye!

Oh! I'm the clean thing!
 Tight boy! little Peter!

Mind, maids! I'll pick out one;
 Phiz plump, and finest feature:

Gad, we'll have rare fun!
 Never fear little Peter!

Cold, hot, and all weather,
 Jollily we'll jog together,

Zounds! I'm the clean thing;
 Tight boy! little Peter!

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. King, in the Strangers at Home.

MIRTH AND FROLIC.

THE ills of life in vain assail,
 I never yet would yield me;
 Nor shall their malice e'er prevail,
 Whilst frolic Mirth can shield me,

Like Curs they snarl, but dare not bite,
 I heed them not at all, fir;
 But laugh at all their harmless spite,
 And still sing tol de rol lol, fir.

I ever scorn'd with face of woe,
 Proud Dames to dangle after;
 With smiles I bent young Cupid's bow,
 And tipt his shafts with laughter.
 Success still mark'd each merry dart,
 Black, fair, brown, short, or tall, fir;
 I conquer'd ev'ry female heart
 With tol de rol lol, de rol lol, fir.

“ Let first-rate fingers stretch their throats,
 “ In fine falsetto squeaking,
 “ With new and strange unnatural notes,
 “ Applause from fashion seeking :
 “ The blockhead Connoisseurs among
 “ E'en let them trill and squall, fir,
 “ Give me, my boys! a jolly song,
 “ That ends with tol de rol lol, fir,

In spite of Dons, so grave and wise,
 'Till o'er old Styx I ferry,
 I always shall most highly prize
 Whatever's blithe and merry.
 May love and laughter ever be
 Attendant on my call, fir;
 Here's what I've always lov'd d'ye see,
 A glas to tol de rol lol, fir.

(79)

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in Turk and no Turk.

THE CONTRAST.

YOU my spruce little Matthew ! lov'd fun—
so did I.

You were pleas'd with high fun—I with fun that
was high.

In frolick, I grant, you were ever my brother ;
I'll give you two portraits—mine one—your's the
other.

Now 'tis your's, brother Mat ! whose presentment's
amiss ?

Pray, look on this picture, here—then look on this !

I was Jove of the table, and king of the farce ;
A good brazen front, and an eye just like Mars ;
To command a full bumper, or threaten a fine,
When any sly sneaker was sick of his wine !
And, next day, when in town I had taken my fill,
Kiss'd a heavenly lass, upon gay Richmond-Hill.

Such a queer combination—with no form indeed !
So fond of the grape, and so wicked a wee !
Jolly Bacchus grew proud of my wine bibbing
throttle ;

And the God set his seal upon me, like a bottle !
As King of full bumpers, old songs, whoops and
halloo's—

This was your friend Roger—now look ye what
follows !

Here is my friend Matthew—quite mildew'd
and mouldy !

Falls short of his brother in all that I told you ;

And each hearty fellow, my bouts when recounting,
Will point at this Moor—with his pint of poor
mountain:

Crying, what lad of judgment would step from the
bliss,

Of quaffing with this man—to tipples with this?

S O N G.

THE JOLLY TOPER.

A Bacchanalian.

I 'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby nos'd sot,
Who never yet thought of treason, or plot:
A bottle that's mellow is the chief of my cares,
And I guzzle each night, 'till I'm carried up stairs,

On the tombs of the brave ones, the wealthy, and
wife,

We are only inform'd, that "Under he lies;"

'Tis a hint that I like not, a trumpery tale,

So I now drown the thoughts on't in flaggons of ale.

They may name me sot, blockhead, or e'en what
they will;

But if wealth, nor if riches, nor wisdom, or skill,

Can their owners preserve from a church-yard, or
priest,

Why, I'll live as I like it—for method's a jest.

On the lesson of nature it is that I think,

For she taught me to love and she taught me to
drink;

To my pleasures full power she taught me to give,

And I'll stick to her maxims as long as I live.

I've money, good store on't, and spend it I must;
 Be roaring and merry, but honest and just,
 That, cold in my coffin, my landlord may say,
 He's gone and he's welcome—there's nothing to
 pay.

S O N G,

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Strangers at Home.

NOTHING AT ALL.

YOUNG Roger, the ploughman, who wanted
 a mate,
 Went along with his daddy a courting to Kate;
 With nosegay so large, in his holiday cloaths,
 (His hands in his pockets) away Roger goes.
 Now he was as bashful as bashful could be,
 And Kitty, poor girl, was as bashful as he:
 So he bow'd, and he star'd, and he let his hat fall;
 Then he grinn'd, scratch'd his head, and said no-
 thing at all.

If awkward the swain, no less awkward the maid;
 She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron string
 play'd,
 'Till the old folks impatient to have the thing done,
 Agreed that young Roger and Kate should be one.
 In silence the young ones both nodded assent,
 Their hands being join'd, to be married they went,
 Where they answer'd the Parson with voices so
 small,
 You'd have sworn that they both had said nothing
 at all.

But mark what a change—in the course of a week,
Kate quite left of blushing—Hodge boldly could
speak;

Cou'd joke with his deary; laugh loud at the jest;
She could coax too and fondle as well as the best;
And asham'd of past folly they've often declar'd,
'To encourage young folks who at courtship are scar'd,
If at first to your aid some assurance you'll call,
When once your us'd to't 'tis nothing at all.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Strangers at Home.

THE CONTENTED FELLOW.

W H E N up to London first I came,
An aukward country booby,
I gap'd, and star'd, and did the same
As ev'ry other looby.

With countenance demurely set,
I doff'd my hat to all I met,

With—"Zir, your humble servant!"

Alas! too soon I got a wife;

And proud of such a blessing,

The joy and business of my life

Was kissing and carressing.

'Twas, "charmer! sweetening! duck, and dove!"

And I o'er head and ears in love,

Was Cupid's humble servant.

"But when the honey-moon was past,

"Adieu to tender speeches!

"Ma'am

"Ma'am lov'd quadrille, and lost too fast,
 "I swore I'd wear the breeches.
 "I storm in vain—restraint she hates :
 "Adieu!" she cries,—“the party waits ;—
 “My dear! your humble servant!”

She's gone, poor girl! and in my cot,
 With friend and bottle smiling,
 I'd envy not a higher lot,
 The tedious hours beguiling :
 If Care peeps in, I'm busy then,
 I nod—desire he'll call again,
 And am his humble servant.

Since life's a jest, as wise ones say,
 'Tis best employ'd in laughing ;
 And come what frowning cares there may,
 My antidote is quaffing :
 I'm ever jovial, gay, and free,
 For this is my philosophy ;
 And so—your humble servant.

S O N G.

THE CRICKETERS

A TOAST.

WHEN running life's race,
 We gallop apace,
 Each strives to be first at the post ;
 Mount *hope* with catch-weights,
 For *game's* give-and-take plates,
 And pray what is *Fame* but—a *toast* ?

The taste of our days
 Is poaching for praise,
 All men of their services boast;
 The ladies by dress,
 The same ardour express,
 Each wou'd if she could be——*a toast.*

Both sexes agree
 Over wine to be free,
 For freedom's an Englishman's boast;
 As freely we think,
 So as freely we drink,
 And a *sentiment* give——for *a toast.*

What is life prithee say,
 But a glass and away,
 While health is our ruddy-fac'd host?
 But when we abuse him,
 We're certain to loose him,
 By taking too much of——*a toast.*

These common-place rhimes
 Suit common-place times,
 Who now can of genius boast?
 Why, really, I think
 'Tis a science to drink,
 And there's genius in giving——*a toast.*

Even politics fail,
 Altercation grows stale,
 Of what now can either side boast!
 No matter to us,
 All their farce and their fust,
 Deserves not the name of——*a toast.*

The

The riots and routs
 Of the *ins* and the *outs*,
 Is only a newspaper roast;
 Of *cricket* I sing,
In and *Cut*, there's the thing,
 And there I'll attempt—a *new toast*.

May our *Innings* be long,
 May our *bowling* be strong,
Middle wicket I chuse for my post;
 Come, bumper away,
 'Twixt the stumps your balls play,
 And *win the game love*—that's the *toast*.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Quick, in the Duenna.

THE JEW LOVER.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can
 boast,
 But health and good-humour to make her his toast;
 If straight I don't mind, whether slender or fat,
 Or six foot or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

We'll ne'er, &c.

Whate'er her complexion I vow I don't care,
 If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair;
 And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples shou'd see,
 Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her, &c.

Let

Let her looks be the reddest that ever were seen,
 And her eyes may be—faith any colour but green;
 For in eyes tho' so various the lusture and hue,
 I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

Only let her, &c.

'Tis true I'd dispence with a throne on her back,
 And white teeth I own are genteeler than black;
 A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
 But I only desire—she may'nt have a beard.

She may'nt, &c.

S O N G.

MY NOSE.

Tune—*An ass, an ass.*

W H I L E people call'd poets, in blank verse,
 or rhyme,
 Pindarics or Epics compose,
 And celebrate heroes in sonnets sublime,
 My subject, is simply,—*my nose.*

The large nose and long one, thereby hangs a tale,
 A tale the old scholiasts suppose;
Ex noscitur naso—but proverbs may fail,
 I find it in faith,—by *my nose.*

The boys of *conceit* blushing *merit* deride,
 For coxcombs are *modesty's* foes;
 I challenge the sons and the daughters of *Pride*
 To move such a—*muscular nose.*

Prometheus.

Prometheus, 'tis said, form'd our animal clay,
 For quickning to *Æther* he rose;
 I fear that some 'prentice, when he was away,
 A little aside shov'd—*my nose*.

I presume,—but, perhaps, 'tis presumption to say,
 I even presume to suppose,
 I should set myself up in the song-singing way,
 When I ought to set down with—*my nose*.

My song therefore ends,—now a toast with your
 leave—

May *wisdom* our councils compose,
 May *Britons* be friends, and forget and forgive,
 And at *faction*—each turn up his nose.

S O N G.

THE SWEETHEART.

Tune—*Derry down*.

SINCE the world is so old, and the times are
 so new,
 And every thing talk'd of except what is true,
 Among other stories my fable may pass,
 Of four or five sweethearts who courted a lass.

Derry down.

The first was from France, a-la-mode de Paris,
 All fashion, all feather; bien Monsieur poudrie;
 He bow'd, he took snuff, cut a caper, and then
 He bow'd, cut a caper, and took snuff again.

Derry down.

A Dutchman advanc'd,—when the lady he saw,
He dropp'd down his pipe, and he blubber'd out—
yaw;

With hands hid in pocket, and unpolish'd leer,
As frogs sing in courtship, so croak'd out Mynheer.

Derry down.

From Connaught, itself, another beau came,
Macfinnin Macgragh Ballinbrough, was his name;
He bow'd to the lass, and he star'd at Monsieur,
Clapp'd hand on his sword, and said, *Ab! — arrah,*
my dear!

Derry down.

The next a mess John, of rank methodist taint,
Who thought like a sinner, but look'd like a faint,
Clos'd hands, twirl'd his thumbs, moving muckle
his face,
Then turn'd up his eyes as about to say grace.

Derry down.

A neat English sailor in holiday trim,
Who had long lov'd the lass, and the lass had lov'd
him,
Athwart them all stept, under arm tofs'd his switch,
Squar'd his hat, op'd his pouch, gave his trowsers
a hitch.

Derry down.

He along-side her fell, and he grappled on board,
She struck, the first broadside of kisses he pour'd;
Then he tow'd her to church, and as to the rest,
What afterwards follow'd is easily guess'd.

Derry down.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE WINE VAULT.

Tune—*The bounds are all out.*

Contented I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a lass who will sociably sit on my knée,
And a cellar as sociably stord,

My brave boys.

My vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest;
Try that cask—aye, that cask we'll try;
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
And as bright as her cheeks to the eye,

My brave boys.

In a piece of flit hoop, see my candle is stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
The foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
As I hate that a bumper should stand,

My brave boys.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be strod,
I gallop the brusher along;
Like grape blessing Bacchus. the good fellow's god,
And a sentiment give, or a song,

My brave boys.

We are dry where we sit, though the oozing drops
seem

With pearls the moist walls to emboss,
From the arch, dusky cobwebs in gothick taste stream
Like stucco-work cut out of moss,

My brave boys.

When

When the lamp is brimful how the taper flame
shines,

Which when moisture is wanting decays ;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze,

My brave boys.

Sound those pipes, they're in tune, and those bins
are well fill'd,

View that heap of old hock in your rear ;
Yon bottles of Burgundy, mark how they're pil'd,
Like Artillery, tier over tier,

My brave boys.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review ;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks,
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue,

My brave boys.

Like *Macedon's madman* my glass I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout ;
He cry'd when he had no more world's to destroy,
I'll weep when my liquor is out,

My brave boys.

On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly
will I.

When reeling, I roll on the floor ;
Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,
And dare the best Buck *to do more,*

My brave boys.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No *Hic Jacet* be cut on my stone ;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that *his drinking is done,*

My brave boys.

S O N G.

THE FISHMONGER'S LAMENTATION.

FISHWIVES, I have lost my wife!
 Have you seen my Sarah?
 The pride and comfort of my life,
 My kind, my best, my dear-a!
 She went out this afternoon—
 Ah! that I knew whither!
 If I thought her in the moon,
 C—se, me but I'd go thither!

But I'll first my Sarah seek
 All around the city;
 Tears bedew me while I speak!
 Fishwives do me pity!
 Lay, oh! lay your baskets by,
 You vociferous founders—
 Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, cry,
 Instead of cod, and flounders!

S O N G,

Sung by Miss Jordan, in the Strangers at Home.

GOOD Sir, in vain you bend your brow,
 And look so queer, I know not how,
 And set your arms a-kimbo:
 My laughter you provoke,
 Oh! ho! ho! ho!
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!
 So pleasant is the joke.

If,

If, fir, I chose to try my skill
 Of fencing, soon you'd have your fill;
 But mighty Signior Whiskers,
 With you I won't engage,
 Oh! ho! ho! ho!
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!
 A fig for all your rage.

Nay, prithee friend, don't draw your sword;
 I shan't draw mine upon my word;
 Nor could I fight for laughing,
 Were I to look at you:
 Oh! ho! ho! ho!
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!
 And so sweet fir, adieu.

S O N G.

WHICH NOBODY CAN DENY.

THAT all men are beggars, you plainly
 may see,
 For beggars there are of every degree,
 Tho' none are so blest, or so happy as we.

Which nobody can deny.

The tradesman, he begs that his wares you would
 buy,
 Then begs you'd believe the price is not high,
 And swears 'tis his trade, when he tells you a lie.

Which nobody can deny.

The lawyer, he begs you would give him a fee ;
 Tho' he reads not your brief, and regards not your
 plea ;

Then advises your foe how to get a decree.

Which nobody can deny.

The courtier, he begs for a pension or place,
 A ribbon, a title, a smile from his grace,
 'Tis due to his merit, is writ in his face.

Which nobody can deny.

But if by mishap, he should chance to get none,
 He begs you'd believe that the nation's undone ;
 There's but one honest man—and himself is that
 one.

Which nobody can deny.

The fair one, who labours whole mornings at home,
 New charms to create, and much paint to consume,
 Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural bloom.

Which nobody can deny.

The lover, he begs the dear nymph to comply,
 She begs he'd be gone ; but her languishing eye,
 Still begs he would stay—for a maid she can't die.

Which nobody can deny.

S O N G.

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

I HAVE a tenement to let,
 I hope will please you all ;
 And if you'd know the name of it,
 'Tis called *Sportsman's-Hall*.

'Tis feated in a pleasant vale,
 Beneath a rising hill :
 This tenement is to be let,
 To whosoe'er I will.

For years, for months, for weeks, or days,
 I'll let this famous bow'r ;
 Nay rather than a tenant want,
 I'd let it for an hour.

There's round about a pleasant grove,
 To shade it from the sun ;
 And underneath this well-water,
 That pleasantly does run.

Where, if you are hot, you may be cool'd ;
 If cold, you may find heat ;
 It is a well-contrived spring,
 Not little, nor too great.

The place is very dark by night,
 And so it is by day ;
 But when you once are enter'd in,
 You cannot lose your way.

And when you're in, go boldly on,
 As far as e'er you can ;
 And if you reach to the house-top,
 You'll be where ne'er was man.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE COURTSHIP.

I'LL sing you a song of a modern date,
Concerning a damsel who had a good estate;
Rich, young, and beautiful, whose name it was
Kate;

She was mightily teaz'd with admirers of late.

*Admiration! admiration!
Oh the wonderful admiration!*

The first was a beau, much resembling an ape,
That had broken its chain, and made its escape;
He came into her presence with many a scrape,
Cock sure of the maid from his delicate shape.

Affection, &c.

The next was a sot, who came staggering drunk,
Just as he had quitted his bottle and punk;
But his half rotten carcase so dev'lishly stunk,
That his hopes were all blasted, and projects were
funk.

Intoxication, &c.

The next was a youth with a sorrowful air,
Who had fallen a victim to love and despair;
He'd not the least prospect of gaining the fair,
So just came to die, and to end all his care.

Desperation, &c.

A bully came next, with a glove in his hat,
A string of new oaths he had learned quite pat;

He

He brag'd of his courage with impudent chat,
But to tell you the truth, he'd have started at that.*

Elevation, &c.

Then in came a quaker, friend Elijah Prim,
Hid under the shade of a thirteen inch brim ;
What ever he did 'twas the spirit mov'd him,
But I'm sure he had none, for he mov'd not a limb.

Inspiration, &c.

A rake who had been of her fortune appriz'd,
In a conjuror's habit his person disguis'd ;
Her fortune to tell, was the scheme he devis'd :
But his beard was pull'd off, and his cunning surpriz'd.

Conjuration, &c.

An Irish dear shoy was the next that came in,
Tho' bare was his buttocks, yet rough was his chin,
A blundering story he strove to begin ;
But Kate by such eloquence he could not win.

Botheration, &c.

At length a young captain, directed by fame,
Repair'd to the damsel, and put in a claim ;
His offers were ta'en, and he carried the dame ;
So if they're not happy, themselves are to blame.

Consummation, &c.

* A snap of the fingers.

SONG.

NOBODY KNOWS WHAT.

I'L L sing you a song, it is my intention,
 Most folks I will sneer at, yet nobody mention,
 Nobody!—you'll cry—Lard! that must be stuff;
 Why, in singing I'm nobody, that's the first proof.
 Cho. *Tal de rol.*

'Tis nobody, nobody sees the pranks play'd,
 When nobody's by,—betwixt master and maid;
 When she cries out be quiet, somebody will hear us,
 He softly replies,—child, there's nobody near us.
Tal de rol.

But big with child proving, she's quickly discarded,
 When favours are granted nobody's rewarded;
 When examin'd, she cries out, oh! Jesu forbid it,
 If I'm got with child—why nobody did it.
Tal de rol.

When by stealth the gallant the wanton wife leaves
 The footsteps are heard, and her spouse think's it's
 thieves,
 He starts in a fright, calls out loudly—who's there,
 The wife pats his cheek—cries—nobody my dear.
Tal de rol.

Nobody's a name ev'ry body will own,
 When something they should be afraid of they've
 done;
 'Tis a name that is fit for old maids and young
 beaus,
 For what are they born for?—why—nobody knows.
 F *Tal de rol.*

But of nobody now here enough has been sung,
 If nobody's angry, then nobody's wrong;
 I hope for my speaking I cannot be blam'd,
 Who can be offended when nobody's nam'd.

Tol de rol.

S O N G.

THE FRANK.

THERE was a grave prude, and her ears they
 were chaste,
 I wou'd not be bound for to vouch for the rest;
 She'd make a long face, and be sure to cry *fie*,
 At a word that was ever so little awry.

Derry down, &c.

To a Member of Parliament she was first cousin,
 And had us'd for to plague him for franks by the
 dozen;
 'Till one day when to him a large packet came,
 Then he wrote a pah word on it instead of his name.

Derry down, &c.

This word you may see on each wall as you walk,
 Sometimes wrote with charcoal, sometimes wrote
 with chalk;

On many a window, and many a door,
 But never I think frank'd a letter before.

Derry down, &c.

This prude being hurried in writing one day,
 She took up a frank, and she sent it away;

But

But the thing did not 'scape the Postmaster's inspection,

Tho' the first time he'd seen it thus under direction.

Derry down, &c.

He step'd to the door, and he call'd back the maid,
And smiling all round his broad face to her said,
Give my service to your mistress, and pray let her know,

I'm sorry, but this member's frank will not go.

Derry down, &c.

Fair ladies take warning by this history;
Examine your franks lest they should be *too free*;
May your letters bring honor, but never bring shame,

May they never be frank'd by so rough a nick name.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S RELIEF.

Tune—Come listen to my Ditty.

NOW safe moor'd, with bowl before us,
Messmates heave a hand with me,
Lend a brother sailor chorus,

While he sings our lives at sea:

O'er the wide wave-swelling ocean,

Toss'd aloft, or tumbled low

As to fear, 'tis all a notion,

When our time's come, we must go.

Tune—Life is chequered.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,

By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand,

Down top-gallants, down be hauling,
 Down your stay-fails, hand boys, hand;
 Now set the braces,
 Don't make wry faces,
 But the lee top-sail sheets let go,
 Starboard here,
 Larboard there,
 Turn your quid,
 Take a swear,
 Yo! yo! yo!

First Tune again.

Oh, ye landsmen, idly lying
 All along-side beauty's charm,
 Safe in soft beds, seas defying,
 Free from all but love's alarms.
 While on billows, billows rolling,
 Death appears in every form,
 On no ladies laps we're lolling,
 No kind kifs can calm the storm.

But loud peals, on peals are clashing,
 Through rift rocks, the shrill wind shrieks;
 In our eyes fierce lightning flashing,
 Scorch the sails, and stench the decks.
 Bursting clouds upon us pouring,
 Black, o'erspread the face of day,
 Burying seas in whirlpools roaring,
 Fiery flies the sparkling spray.

High, the tossing tempest heaves us,
 Tow'rs the pole aloft we go,
 While the clouds seem to receive us,
 Dreadful yawns the gulph below.

In that dark deep, down, down, down, down
 Down we sink from sight of sky,
 By the swell as instant up thrown,
 Hark! what means yon dismal cry!

The foremast's gone, yells some sad tongue out
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.—
 A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick the lannyards cut in pieces,
 Come my hearts, be stout and bold,
 Plumb the well, the leak increases—
 Four feet water's in the hold.

Worse and worse, the wild winds tearing,
 Warring waves around us foam,
 For the worst, while we're preparing,
 Nature shrinks, and sighs for home.
 There, our babes, perhaps are saying,
 In their little lisping strain,
 As round mother's knees they're playing,
 Daddy soon will come again.

Tune—Early one morn a jolly young Tar.

If we must die, why die we must,
 'Tis a birth in which all must belay mun.
 When our debt's due, for death won't trust,
 Then all hands be ready to pay mun.
 As to life's striking its flag, never fear,
 Our cruize is out, that's all my brother,
 In this world we've luff'd it up, thus, and no near,
 So let's ship ourselves off for another

Tune the first again.

Overboard the guns be throwing,
 To the pumps come ev'ry hand,
 See her mizen mast is going,
 On the lee beam lies the land.
 Rising rocks appear before us,
 Hopeless, yet for help we call,
 Ev'ry sea breaks fatal o'er us,
 To the storm's fell power we fall.

Now dismay, with aspect horrid,
 Swells each sleepless eye with tears;
 And despair, with bristly forehead,
 On each bloodless face appears.
 Sadly we view the ruthless wave!—
 O'erwhelming seas roll mountain high;
 The swell comes on, our watery grave,—
 Hark, what means yon happy cry!

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
 She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.
 Now, my hearts, we're safe from sinking,
 We'll again lead sailors lives;
 Come, the cann boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts, and our wives.

S O N G.

(103)

S O N G.

ELIXIR L'ARGENT.

Tune—*Pretty Peggy of Windsor.*

THO' with puffs daily papers are cramm'd, sir,
With antidotes for ev'ry ail,
I'll shew a specific not sham'd, sir,
A nostrum which never can fail.

The drop and pill
May heal or kill,
As doctors on doctors have done;
But snug and sure,
To work a cure,
Apply th' *Elixir l'Argent*.

For weak consciences 'tis an *Emetic*;
A *Restorative* for a lost fame;
If fear gravels you, this *Di'retic*
Discharges each symptom of shame.

Like Achilles from Styx,
No wound will fix
When this *unguentum* is on.
Nay, chuse to anoint,
Ev'n justice's point,
'Tis blunt by *Elixir l'Argent*.

'Tis a *Styptic* to stop maidens scruples,
An *Opiate* makes jealousy rest;
'Tis a *Lecture* where all men are pupils,
Art and science without it a jest.

Be witty, be wise,
Win learning's prize,
This *Recipe* want you're undone;

Merit vainly may strive,
 No genius can thrive,
 But the genius who gets the *l'Argent*.

His honor demurs to a hearing,
 The agent demurs to his plan,
 The witness demurs to his swearing,
 And madam demurs to her man;
 Yet each sick breast
 Demurs digest,
Secundum artem they're gone,
 When a *quantum suff*.
 Is took of the stuff,
Elixir nouveau de 'Argent.

When sickness volumptuousness seizes,
 The medical corps in array,
 Sword by side take the field 'gainst diseases,
 And, Swiss-like, give battle for pay.
 Not a word of *self*,
 Accepting the pelf,
 That lesson the learned ne'er con,
 But faith we're flamm'd,
 We might die and be damn'd,
 But for our *Elixir l'Argent*.

S O N G.

THE NEW ROLLING PIN.

(*A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall, &c.*)

A Popish old dame to her handmaid thus cry'd,
 "Now Christmas is coming, wench, we must
 provide ; "Then

"Then early, to-morrow, I'd have you begin,
 "To work very hard with the new *Rolling-pin*."
Derry down.

This buxom young jade, as reported by fame,
 Tho' seemingly virtuous, was fond of that same;
 And at puddings and pyes the prize she wou'd win,
 So dext'rous was *Doll* at the new *Rolling pin*.
Derry down.

Father *Lawrence*, a monk of the *Franciscan* class,
 Who lov'd carnal worship much better than mass,
 With true Gallic freedom unbidden came in,
 To eat up the fruits of the new *Rolling pin*.
Derry down.

To the kitchen then hied this sanctified sinner,
 Where *Doll* was preparing a patty for dinner;
 And eyeing her o'er, "Child," says he with a grin
 "I see you can handle a good *Rolling-pin*."
Derry down.

So charming a morsel resolving to taste,
 He told her he'd teach her to make the *hot paste*;
 Then taking a kiss, chuk'd her under the chin,
 And said he would shew her a *Church Rolling pin*.
Derry down.

Then down on the dresser his pupil he laid,
 And having with rapture love's altar survey'd,
 The flesh and the devil prevail'd o'er the sin,
 He kneaded her dough with his own *Rolling-pin*.
Derry down.

S O N G.

THE INFALLIBLE BEAUTY.

IN the days of my youth I was sensibly crazy,
 I courted a lass that was willing but lazy ;
 Her teeth were as white as a bog in November,
 Her eyes were as black—as the snow in December.
Sing Larry hi ho ! she's a sweet lovely creature !
The Devil himself would be frighten'd to meet her.

Her neck is as smooth as the side of a griddle,
 And sweet with her wrist she can play the scotch
 fiddle :
 The shape of her legs are like two stacks of corn, fir,
 Her teeth are as clear as a sow-gilder's horn, fir.
Sing Larry hi ho, &c.

Her eyes, I believe, are the eyes of a goat, fir,
 And as for her mouth—it might be a ship's boat, fir,
 No more than a tyger, she eats at her victual,
 And drinks no more flush, than a grampus would
 pickle.

Sing Larry hi ho, &c.

Whenever this maid has a mind to be lac'd, fir,
 Her middle's as small as a cow in the waist, fir,
 You'd glory to hear the jade sing at her pleasure,
 As sweet as—an ass at the change of the weather.
Sing Larry, hi ho, &c.

Now having once more, shut my eyes to behold her,
 Not speaking a word, my whole mind I have told
 her ;

My dear I love you—as a thief loves a halter,
 If you will consent your condition to alter.

Sing Larry hi ho, &c.

THE DRUNKEN COBLER'S RAMBLE.

SO, safe arrived at last; thanks to a strong brain, and a good understanding;—yes, pox on the dogs! they thought to have mastered me, by plying this leathern throat of mine with as much liquor, as though I had been an Alderman at a city feast; but honest Crispin of Cripplegate bit 'em, and came away with his budget full, and as sober as ever I'd wish to be. Betty, Betty, bring me a pot of half and half, but be sure you don't mix it.—Let's see, what have we got here?—Confound the backs of these chairs! they're always behind.—Hum—What a d—mn'd candle's this, one can hardly extinguish the Morning Herald from the Morning Post only by it's crowing:—hah! (*reading*) 'Saturday and Sunday's posts—It is said that Doctor Banks and Mr. Sal-a-mander, will by command of her Majesty, undertake a voyage round'—hum '—the bum dress of the present month;' ah! and 'orders are received at the Victualling-Office accordingly, for a supply of thirty-six months provisions.'—hum——'We hear from Carlisle, that as a great parsonage was going in his chariot to Windsor—he fell asleep with the candle burning in his hand, and set fire to the bed-cloaths;' Ay, that might happen through the carelessness of the driver. So, 'Whitehaven,—Yesterday arrived here, from Philadelphia, with dispatches on board'—the most violent storm of thunder and lightning ever remembred:' Pshaw! that's nothing but a bam upon the ministry. 'Yesterday morning about three o'clock this afternoon, a fire broke out in an empty house, and entirely consumated

‘ all the furniture ; an elderly middle ag’d woman
 ‘ coming by at the same time, fell into a cinder
 ‘ cieve and was drowned. Saturday morning about
 ‘ four o’clock in the afternoon, a woman was com-
 ‘ mitted to Bridewell, by John Wilding, Esq ; for
 ‘ barbarously scraping her bastard child to death
 ‘ with oyster shells : ‘first murder of the kind I ever
 heard of.—“Foreign news, Piccadilly, Aug. the
 ‘ 34th, Yesterday a woman was safely delivered of
 ‘ a fine boy, with a wooden leg.” Oh ! this is all
 d—mn’d lies, this can never be true.—(*Lights the
 pipe, &c.*) I went to see a friend of mine t’other
 day, he’s a coachman in a gentleman’s family, and
 he asked me to go to the play with him :—Play says
 I, why what play is it ? “Why,” says he, “ ’tis
 “King Hamlet and the Prince of Dunkirk ;” King
 Hamlet and the Prince of Dunkirk, says I, that can
 never be : for I have got all the Roman Emperors
 lock’d up in my closset, and I am sure there’s none
 of their names begins with an H, unless it is Titus
 Vashpasion.—So presently the Cook and Coach-
 man got quarrelling, about who had travelled far-
 thest ; and in the midst of the scuffle, the Cook
 tumbled the Coachman into the dripping-pan ; now
 says the Coachman I may swear I have travelled
 farthest ; for I have travelled into Grease ; indeed
 so he had, for he was d—mn’d greasy.

I have three as fine children as any man would
 wish to stick a knife into : There’s my son Tommy,
 he is a fine scholar ; he writes two exceeding fine
 hands, one he cannot read himself, and the other
 nobody can read for him. Now there is my daugh-
 ter Polly, she lives with an old parson ; she was so
 d—mn’d cunning t’other day, as to mend the par-
 son’s stockings with white worsted ; so that the poor
 parson

parson was forced to hop to the Church like a mag-pye.—Why Betty, Betty, this son of a whore of a maid goes up itairs forty times a day, and never comes down again.—But its all one to Crispin,—let the world go as it will, I can divert myself with an old song.

Tol de rol raro.

S O N G.

LIBERTY-HALL.

Tune—*Derry down.*

OLD *Homer!* but with him what have we to do?
What are Grecians, or Trojans to me or to
you?

Such heathenish heroes no more I'll invoke,
Choice Spirits assist me, attend hearts of oak.

Derry down.

Sweet peace, belov'd handmaid of science and art,
Unanimity take your petitioner's part;
Accept of my song, 'tis the best I can do—
But first, may it please ye—my service to you.

Derry down.

Perhaps my address you may premature think,
Because I have mention'd no toast as I drink;
There are many fine toasts, but the best of them all
Is the toast of the times, that is *Liberty hall.*

Derry down.

That fine British building by Alfred was fram'd,
Its grand corner-stone Magna Charta is nam'd;
Independency

Independency came at integrity's call,
And form'd the front pillars of *Liberty hall*.

Derry down.

This manor our forefathers bought with their
blood,

And their sons, and their sons sons, have prov'd the
deeds good ;

By that title we live, with that title we'll fall,

For life is not life out of *Liberty-hall*.

Derry down.

In mantle of honour, each star-spangled fold,
Playing right in the sun-shine, the burnish of gold,
Truth beams on her breast ; see at loyalty's call,
The genius of England in *Liberty-hall*.

Derry down.

Ye sweet smelling courtlings of ribbon and lace,
The spaniels of pow'r, and bounty's disgrace,
So supple, so servile, so passive ye fall,
'Twas passive-obedience lost *Liberty-hall*.

Derry down.

But when Revolution had settl'd the crown,
And natural reason knock'd Tyranny down,
No frowns cloath'd with terror appear'd to appall
The doors were thrown open of *Liberty hall*.

Derry down.

See England triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,
Her standard is *justice*, her watch-word be *free* ;
Our King is our countryman, Englishmen all,
God bleis him, and bleis us, in *Liberty hall*.

Derry down.

On

On were is des all—Monsieur wants to know,
 'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainebleau:
 'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art,
 For LIBERTY-HALL is an ENGLISHMAN'S
 HEART. *Derry down.*

S O N G.

THE JOLLY SOUL.

Tune—The Wine Vault.

COME Liberty, damme boys, but we'll be free,
 Tho' Care kill'd a cat, what care I?
 I'll hold six to four, only say done to me,
 Like a *Soul* I have liv'd and I'll die,
My brave boys.

They sent me to college, I did'nt mind that,
 To teach me to preach and to pray;
 I wou'd'nt be humm'd, I saw what they were at,
 So my eye upon all they can say,
My brave boys.

As to pulpit palaver, why that's all a flam,
 No priestcraft shall e'er do for me;
 I will, or I wont, a free agent I am,
 And I'll only believe what I see,
My brave boys.

May lovers of claret, aye, claret's the thing,
 To drink it without any tax;
 I don't mind the bother 'bout subject and king, I
 But custom-free, that's all I ax,
My brave boys.

If Clergy, and Commons, and Lords will but join,
 Our national debts to pay off,
 And let us free gratis have women and wine,
 Why then we may do well enough,

My brave boys.

In half-pints the Parl'ment-house then I'll toast,
 And GEORGE too, upon my bare knee,
 I don't care which side, or if none rule the roast,
 So I've but my fun and am free,

My brave boys.

But now they're sad times, for our freedom is gone,
 Since we to bumbailiffs submit;
Bill o' Rights! damn all bills, for the nation's un-
 done,

By that *General warrant, a Writ,*

My brave boys.

We must be made slaves if they don't put a stop
 To lawyers, the justice and all;
 For if in Old England we don't keep it up,
 Why then, to be sure, it must fall,

My brave boys.

When I die—but that's queer—and to think on't
 is dull,

So as *to this here, or that there,*

Let me go where I will, if my bottle is full,
 And I get but a girl, I don't care,

My brave boys.

If master Death thrusts himself into my room,
 They tell me he always makes free,
 I'll try if I can't tip *Old Boney* a hum,
 If not, why, may-hap he hums me,

My brave boys.

As I told you before, I'm resolv'd not to think,
 So I cannot a sentiment give,
 However, my souls, while we live let us drink,
 Because while we're drinking we live,
My brave boys.

S O N G.

THE SENTIMENT SONG.

Tune—Sing Tantararara Toast all.

DINNER o'er, and grace said, we'll for bus'-
 ness prepare,
 Arrang'd right and left in support of the chair,
 We'll chorus our song as the circling toast passes,
 And manage our bumpers as musical glasses.
Sing Tantararara Toast all.

To your lips, my conviviais, the Burgundy lift,
 May we never want courage when put to a *shift*:—
 Here's what tars dislike, and what ladies like best,
 What's that?—you may whisper, why 'tis *to be*
press'd!

Sing Tantararara Toast all.

Ye fowlers who eager at partridges aim,
 Don't mark the maim'd covey, but mind better
 game;
 'Tis beauty's the sport to repay sportsmen's trouble,
 And there *may our pointers stand stiff in the stubble.*
Sing Tantararara Toast all.

To

To game we give law, and game laws we have tak'ⁿ
in.—

Here's *Loves laws*, and they who loves laws are ful-
filling.

But never may damsels demur to the sport,
Nor we suffer nonsuits when call'd into court.

Sing Tantararara Toast all.

As the Indians are warring, our game we must flush,
On our breast, as we lie, we present thro' a bush—
Here's the nest in that bush, and the bird-nesting lover;
Here's *Midalejex bush-fighting*,—rest and recover.

Sing Tantararara Toast all.

Asthmatical gluttons exist but to eat,
They purchase repletions at each turtle treat;
Love's feast boasts a flavour unknown to made
dishes—

Here's *life's dainty*, dress'd with the sweet sauce of
kisses.

Sing Tantararara Toast all.

Fair befall ev'ry lass, fair may fine ladies fall,
No colour I'll fix on, but drink to them all;
The black, the brunette, and the golden-lock'd
dame—

The lock of all locks, and unlocking the same.

Sing Tantararara Toast all.

More upright fore-knowledge that lock is com-
manding,

Than all other locks, aye, or *Locke's Understanding*;
That lock has the casket of *Cupid* within it,
So—here's to the key lads—the critical minute.

Sing Tantararara Toast all.

Lads pour out libations from bottles and bowls
The mother of All-Saints is drank by *All-Souls*—
 Here's the *down bed of beauty* which upraises man,
 And *beneath the thatch'd-house*, the *miraculous cann*.

Sing Tantararara Toast all.

The Dock-yard which furnishes *Great Britain's fleets*,
The Bookbinders *twives* manufact'ring in sheets,
The brown female reaper, who dares undertake her?
 And the wife of *Will Wattle*—the *neat basket maker*.

Sing Tantararara Toast all.

Here's *Bathsheba's Cockpit* where *David* stood centry,
Eve's Custom-house, where *Adam* made the first entry;
The pleasant plac'd water-fall 'midst *Bushy park*;
The nick makes the *tail stand*, the *farrier's wife's mark*.

Sing Tantararara Toast all.

That the hungry be fill'd with rich things let us say,
 And well pleased the rich be sent empty away,—
The miller's wife's musick,—the *last that's lamb-like*;
 And *fence of the farmer* on top of *love's dyke*.

Sing Tantararara Toast all.

But why from this round-about phrase must be
 guess'd,

What in one single syllable's better express'd;
 That syllable then I my sentiment call,
 So here's to *that word*, which is, *one word for all*.

Sing Tantararara Toast all.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE DAMN'D HONEST FELLOW.

Tune—*Old Woman at Grimstone.*

AS a Choice-Spirit bred, so I'll choicely behave,
 My Bucks I'm damn'd honest and free;
 As to rules, they're for fools: I'll be nobody's slave,
 The minister must do for me.

If he does not, or cannot, for that's all the same,
 But leaves me to sink or to swim;
 If he won't do for me when I send in my name,
 Why, dam'me then, I'll do for him.

If GEORGE did but tip me a place, or a post,
 If I did'nt clear all, I'll be curst.
 I'll take care that nothing shall ever be lost,
 Of myself though I'll take care the first.

The Government's tools to a man I would shift,
 Corruption's the nation's disgrace;
 The Treasury's Lord, why I'll turn him adrift,
 And whip myself plump in his place.

The national debt I'll wet-spunge it away,
 The *Sinking Fund* that I wou'd drown;
 And when we bold Britons have nothing to pay,
 Why then all our money's our own.

As to *Scotchmen*, I'll *scotch* them all off, never fear,
 They are Jacobites all to a man;
 Pray tell me what business have such fellows here?
 I'm a Briton, and hate ev'ry clan.

They

They have nothing to do with our meat and our drink,

I grant you they're clever, but still
We're ten times as clever, if we wou'd but think,
And one time or other we will.

Like foxes I'll hunt Presbyterians to church,
For zounds we'll be all orthodox;
The subsidy princes I'll leave in the lurch,
And stock-jobbers set in the stocks.

My friends I'll provide for, and thus I'll begin;—
Archbishop of York shall make room,—
His pulpit I've promis'd to my whipper-in,
The Lord Chancellor's seat to my groom.

My Grand Buck at drinking, shall Admiral be;
I've judgment in all I design;—
He surely must prove best commander at sea
Who's best at an ocean of wine.

Now as to land-service, *Excise* I'll disband,
And I'll banish the *watch* from the street;
Betwixt *York* and *Lunnon* no turnpikes shall stand,
And I'll burn the *King's Bench* and the *Fleet*.

As to smugglers, why curse on the *Custom-house*
tribe;

Of Placemen I'll soon make an end;
I'll hang the first fellow I find take a bribe,—
Except 'twas a Buck,—and my friend.

So now for a toast—stay—what toast shall we have?

Why LIBERTY—can we say more—
And he who won't pledge it, I'm sure is a slave,
And a slave is a son of a whore.

A wife to be sure ! that's the fashion in town,
 And fashion for wives to make free ;
 But I won't be humm'd, I'll have none of my own,
 What friends have will always serve me.

So here's to the girl who will give one a share,
 But as for those jilts who deny,
 So cursedly coy, tho' they've so much to spare—
 But drink, Brother Bucks, for I'm dry.

FOUR AND TWENTY FIDLERS.

A COMIC MEDLEY.

Sung by Mr. Edwin,

FOUR and twenty fiddlers all in a row,
 Four and twenty fiddlers, &c.
 There was fiddle faddle fiddle, and double demi-femi
 quibble down below ;
 This is my lady's birth-day,
 Therefore we will keep holiday,
 And come for to be merry.

Four and twenty drummers all in a row,
 Four and twenty drummers, &c.
 And there was I rub a dub, O rub a dub,
 And fiddle faddle fiddle, &c. &c.

Four and twenty trumpeters all in a row,
 Four and twenty trumpeters, &c.
 There was tantarararo, I rub a dub, O rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty cobblers all in a row,
 Four and twenty cobblers, &c.

There

There was coblers and stop awls, stop awls and
coblers,
And tantarararo, I rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty fencing-masters all in a row,
Four and twenty fencing-masters, &c.
There was push, carte and tierce, down with his
heels and cut him across,
Coblers and stop awls, stop awls and coblers, &c.

Four and twenty captains all in a row,
Four and twenty captains, &c.
There was d—n him, kick him down stairs,
Push, carte and tierce, &c.

Four and twenty parsons all in a row,
Four and twenty parsons, &c.
There was L—d have merey upon us,
D—n him, kick him down stairs, &c.

Four and twenty taylors all in a row,
Four and twenty taylors, &c.
There was one caught a louse, another let him loose;
D—n his eyes, says another, knock him down with
the goose;
Lord have mercy upon us, &c.

Four and twenty barbers all in a row,
Four and twenty barbers, &c.
There was long wigs, toupees, frizee, frize, powder
and pomatum, two ruffles and never a shirt;
d—n'd hard times, walk in, your honours—
and shave for a penny.
One caught a louse, &c.

Four and twenty quakers all in row,
Four and twenty quakers, &c.

There was Abram he begat Isaac, and Isaac begat
Jacob, and Jacob open'd his generation box,
—with long wigs, toupees, &c.

Four and twenty dutchmen all in a row,
Four and twenty dutchmen, &c.

There were Americanos, Spaniorum, Amsterdam,
Rotterdam, and d—nation seize them all to-
gether—Abram he begat Isaac, and Isaac be-
gat Jacob, and Jacob open'd his generation
box, with—Long wigs, toupees, frizee, frize,
powder and pomatum, two ruffles and never a
shirt; d—n'd hard times; walk in your hon-
ours, and shave for a penny—One caught a
louse, another let him loose—D—n his eyes,
says another, knock him down with the goose.
L—d have mercy upon us—D—n him, kick
him down stairs;—push, carte, and tierce;
down with his heels, and cut him across—Cob-
blers and stop awls, stop awls and cobblers—
Tantatarararo, I rub a dub, O rub a dub—And
fiddle faddle fiddle, and double demi-semi quib-
ble down below,

This is my Lady's birth-day,
Therefore we will keep holiday.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Moody.

IRISHMAN'S LAMENTATION.

MY sweet pretty Mogg, you're as soft as a bog,
 And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten:
 Thole eyes on your face—(O pity my case)
 Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath smitten.

Far softer than silk, and as fair as new-milk,
 Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is:
 Your shape's like a pail; from your head to your tail,
 You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
 As black as the Devil, as black as the Devil:
 Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
 Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville.

When drefs'd in your boddice, you trip like a goddess
 So nimble, so frisky! so nimble, so frisky!
 A kifs on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like
 whisky.

I grunt and I pine, and I sob like a swine,
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel.
 No rest I can take; and asleep or awake
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.

Your hate then give o'er; nor Dermot your lover
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle;
 Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty,
 Or the snuff of a candle, the snuff of a candle.

S O N G.

In the Duenna.

FORMER TIMES.

O The days when I was young !
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night ;
 Then it was, old father care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

O the days, &c.

'Truth, they say, lies in a well ;
 Why I vow I ne'er could see,
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me.
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falshood's mask ;
 But still the honest truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask.

O the days, &c.

True at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey.
 Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

O the days, &c.

T H I

THE SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF A HUNTING.

GOING to see my father the other day, he ax'd me to take a voyage a hunting with him;—so, when the swabber rigg'd the horses, they brought me one to stow myself on board of, what they told me was in such right and tight trim, she would go as fast upon any tack as a Folkestone cutter; so I got up aloft, and clapt myself athwart ship, this'n, and made as much way as the best on 'um—and to the windward of a gravel-pit we spied a hare at anchor; so she weigh'd and bore away, and just as I had overhauled her, my horse came bump ashore upon a stone, the back stay broke, she pitch'd me over the forecattle, came keel upwards, and unshipp'd my shoulder; and damme if I ever set sail on a land privateering again.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Harlequin Teague.

FAL DE RAL TIT.

'T WAS I learn'd a pretty song in France,
And I brought it o'er the sea by chance;
And when in Wapping I did dance,
Oh! the like was never seen:
For I made the music loud to play,
All for to pass the dull hours away;
And when I had nothing left for to say,
Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

As I was walking down Thames-street,
A shipmate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
And I was resolv'd him for to treat
With a can of grog, gillio!

A can of grog they brought us straight,
 All for to pleasure my ship-mate,
 And satisfaction give him straight,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The maccaronies next came in,
 All dres'd so neat, and look'd so trim,
 And thinking for to strike me dumb.
 Some was short, and some was tall,
 But 'tis very well known that I lick'd them all,
 For I dous'd their heads against the wall,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say,
 As how he wish'd I'd go away,
 And if I 'tempted for to stay,
 As how he'd take the law:

Lord d—me says I you may do your worst,
 For I've not scarcely quench'd my thirst;
 All this I said, and nothing worse,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

It's when I've cross'd the raging main, A
 And be come back to Old England again,
 Of grog I'll drink galore;
 With a pretty girl to sit by my side,
 And for her costly robes I'll provide,
 So that she shall be satisfied;
 Then I'll sing fal de ral tit, &c.

SONG.

THE BROWN BEER OF OLD ENGLAND.

WHEN humming brown beer was the English-man's taste,
 Our wives they were merry, our daughters were chaste;
 Their breath smelt like roses whenever embrac'd.

Cho. *Oh the brown beer of Old England,
 And oh the Old English brown beer!*

Ere coffee and tea found their way to the throne,
 Our ancestors they by their fires sat down;
 Their bread it was white, and their beer it was brown.

Oh the brown beer, &c.

Our heroes of old, of whose conquests we boast,
 Could make a good meal of a pot and a toast;
 Oh! did we so now, we should soon rule the roast.

Oh the brown beer, &c.

When the great Spanish fleet on our coast did appear,
 Our sailors each one drank a jorum of beer,
 And sent them away with a flea in their ear.

Oh the brown beer, &c.

Our clergymen then took a cup of good beer,
 Ere they mounted the rostrum, their spirits to cheer;
 Then preach'd against vices, though courtiers were near.

Oh the brown beer, &c.

Their doctrines then were authentic and bold,
And grounded on Scriptures, and fathers of old;
But now they preach nothing but what they are told.

Oh the brown beer, &c.

For since the geneva, and strong ratiffee,
They are dwindled to nothing but, stay—let me see,
Faith nothing at all but mere fiddle-de-dee.

Oh the brown beer, &c.

S O N G.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT,

YE humdrums who sigh all your life-time away,
Without the kind warmth of brisk jolity's ray,
Who with whining and pining grow stupid and flat,
Accept the sweet balsam of—Laugh and Grow Fat.

Laugh—ha! ha! ha! &c.

Of excellent virtues, and well known to cure
Most griefs that the body or mind do endure;
It does ease all the troubles bad fortune begat,
When once you're acquainted with—Laugh and
Grow Fat,

Laugh—ha! ha! ha! &c.

The Methodist Preacher, with well feigned rage,
May laugh at the folly and vice of the age;
So dull is his nonsense, so formal his chat,
That I am resolved to—Laugh and Grow Fat.

Laugh—ha! ha! ha! &c.

Now

Now come you brisk souls, and assist me to draw,
 To lengthen the chorus of—ha! ha! ha! ha!
 Tho' fortune frown on us, what care we for that?
 We scorn all his terrors, and — Laugh and Grow Fat.
Laugh—ha! ha! ha! &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Omai.

JACK BLOCK.

WHEN I came back to bonny Shadwell-dock,
 In my feathers and jackets so airy;
 How the girls did stare at their friend Jack Block:
With his chip chow,
Cherry chow,
Rolty, ulty, ilty, ow,
Rowdle, olty, O.

When with buxom Poll, at the Anchor so blue,
 I call'd for a bowl of rumbo;
 Says she, Jack your health; says I, here's to you.
With his chip chow, &c.

The purser he looked at me very big,
 And to Poll threw his loving palaver;
 But the rumbo I sluic'd o'er his white chizzel'd wig.
With my chip chow, &c.

His pipe being broke, oh, d—n it how he stares,
 Says he, you must ask my pardon:
 Says I, with all my heart, so I kick'd him down
 stairs.

G 4 *With my chip chow, &c.*

Then says Poll, oh, Jack treat me to the play,
 We're so fine let us go to the boxes ;
 I like a box, says I, so we tripp'd it away.

With my chip chow, &c.

Oh ! there the Jack-a-dandies clapp'd and encor'd,
 Wip'd their boots in the ladies aprons ;
 Silence, says I, and very loudly I roar'd.

With my chip chow, &c.

The link-boy he lighted us clean in the mud,
 There he fingered our pockets so neatly ;
 With, your honour, take care—oh d—n his little
 blood.

With my chip chow, &c.

Let us drink a health to little England,
 To great George and good Queen Charlotte,
 May our seamen always the ocean command.

With my chip chow, &c.

S O N G.

NANCY I HAVE LOST MY WIG.

NANCY I have lost my wig,
 Did you see my jazey,
 Powder'd well with curls so big,
 I shall sure grow crazy ;
 How my scull it first forsook,
 It is past recounting,
 Perhaps the wind away it took,
 In the air high mounting.

Never

Never shall I see one more,
 That is equal to it,
 Not the lawyer's swell'd before,
 With its three tails to it:
 Neither bag, nor bod, nor queue,
 Or the doctor's grizzle,
 Or the Tyburn top in view,
 Had so fine a frizzle.

Strike it on a table's verge,
 When its hair was knotted,
 In ringlets soon it would emerge,
 As it ne'er was clotted:
 Flaxen, chesnut, or coal black,
 It could beat them all, fir,
 Tho' it had got a little crack,
 And greasy in the call, fir.

Ask the barbers every where,
 If by chance they've found it,
 Some pifs burnt Spanish here and there,
 Does you'll find furround it:
 Nancy if you find my wig,
 Bring me back my jazey,
 I with gratitude quite big,
 Will always strive to please ye.

or,

I'll well reward your daisey.

S O N G.

THE MAD FAMILY.

THERE was a mad-man he had a mad wife,
 And they liv'd in a mad lane, fir,

They had ten children to bring up,
And they were mad the same, fir.

The father was mad, and the mother was mad,
The children was mad besides, fir,
And they all got up, on a mad horse,
And madly they did ride, fir.

How they got up, or how they got down,
There's no man living can tell, fir,
But madly they rode until that they came
Unto the gates of Hell, fir.

The Devil was glad to see them all mad,
And 'rose to let them in, fir,
But when he found them more mad than himself,
He turn'd them out again, fir.

S O N G.

THE CAXON.

A Burlesque.

BARBERS, I have lost my wig!
Have you seen my caxon?
(Pride of ev'ry empty prig)
'Twas made by Jemmy Jackson.
I for it my hair forlook,
Whose colour was a flaxen;
Ah! woe is me, how sad I look,
Since I have lost my caxon?

Jemmy

Jemmy I must ne'er see more,
 'Till my wigs returning!
 He caution'd me, aye o'er and o'er,
 'Gainst losing and 'gainst burning!
 Whither is my caxon tofs'd?
 Barbers, tell me quickly;
 Ah! me, perhaps 'tis ever lost,
 Examine e'er so strictly.

S O N G.

THE QUEER MOUTH'D FAMILY.

YE Lovers of ditties attend,
 Give ear to a comical song;
 As merry as ever was penn'd,
 Although it is not very long;
 There was *Howard*, and *Coward*, and *Bidd*,
 With *Richard* and *Double Clack* too;
 Each mouth it most certainly did
 Confoundedly turn all askew.

'To the left stood the mouth of old *Coward*,
 Miss *Bridget*'s bent always below,
 On the other side screw'd Master *Howard*,
 But *Dick*'s pouted out you must know;
 Dame *Double Clack*'s was a pouch mouth,
 (And her lips they were terrible thick)
 It neither stood westward nor south
 So she always cou'd answer you quick.

Master *Dick* on the day he was wed,
 To *Biddy* his beautiful bride,

As the stocking was throwing on bed,
 Pray mark what ill luck did betide;
 The candle by chance was put out,
 Yet a light there was left in the snuff;
 They determin'd to bring it about,
 So each of them gave it a puff.

Master Howard he puff'd to the right,
 And Bridget she puff'd it below,
 Master Coward puff'd left handed quite,
 Yet none of their puffing wou'd do:
 Dick puff'd up as high as his nose,
 Like the rest all his puffing was vain,
 But Double Clack—so the song goes,
 (She only the light cou'd regain.)

Then here's a good health to the dame,
 A midwife she was by her trade;
 She quicken'd the candle's bright flame,
 As well as if she'd been a maid:
 So now to conclude my short song,
 We'll wish the young couple God-speed;
 Success to their wishes e'er long,
 To keep up the beautiful breed.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Love in a Camp.

LANGTY OODLE.

SUPPOSE I was a country boy,
 'Od dang it sure I knew things;
 When girls are simple, cold, and coy,
 I taught 'em soon a few things.

I got so fond of frolicking,
 My aunty us'd to scold me;
 To town I ran a rolicking,
 The country cou'dn't hold me.

A bottle first,
 Kick up a dust,
 If fun I find my whim be;
 Then Langty Oodle was the game,
 And an't I, fir, the pimby?

With chitterlin stuck out so stiff,
 And ruffles o'er my knuckles,
 Beau'd out my red silk handkerchief,
 My watch, and silver buckles;
 My hat, and eyes, and shoes so bright,
 Full black as any crow's look'd,
 My cheek so red, my teeth so white,
 And monstr'ous nice my nose look'd.

Says I, ho, ho,
 Since things are so,
 A pretty girl the whim be;
 Then Langty Oodle was the game,
 And ma'am an't I the pimby?

My duck she was a lady fair,
 Nor maiden, wife, nor widow;
 Says I, ye please we'll take the air;
 To Bagnice Wells we rid oh!

There sweet Sal and syllabub
 So firm I fix'd my heart on,
 I soon forgot when full o'bub,
 False Kathaleen and Carton.

Sweet Sally sighs,
 And panting cries,
 Let kissing now the whim be;
 Then Langty Oodle was the game,
 And how d'ye like the pimby?

SONG.

(134)
S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in Love in a Camp.

BOW WOW.

I'LL sing you a song ; faith, I'm singing it here,
now ;
I don't mean t'front either small or big, bow wow,
The subject I've chosen, it is the canine race,
To prove like us, two-legg'd dogs, they're a very
fine race.

*Bow, wow, wow,
Fal, la, la.*

Like you and I, other dogs may be counted sad dogs ;
As we won't drink water, some might think us mad
dogs :

A Courtier is a spaniel, a citizen' a dull dog,
A Soldier is a mastiff, a Sailor's a bull dog.

*Bow, wow, wow,
Fal, la, la.*

An old maid comes from church, the poor no lady
kinder ;

A lusty dog her footman, with prayer-book behind
her :

A poor boy asks a farthing, and gets plenty of good
kicking,

But little Shock, her lap-dog, must have a roasted
chicken.

*Bow, wow, wow,
Fal, la, la*

When silly dogs for property, uncle, son, and
brother,

Grin and snort mighty gruff, and worry one ano-
ther :
Shou'd

Shou'd they a bit of equity from Justice beg the
loan of,

That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap, carries quick
the bone off.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, la, la.

A Poet's a lank greyhound, for the public he runs
game down,

A Critic is a cur that strives to run his fame down;
And though he cannot follow where the noble sport
invites him,

He sily steals behind, and by the heel he bites him.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, la, la.

You've a pack of friends, while to feed 'em you are
able,

Your dog for his morsel crouches under your table,

Your friends turn tail in misfortune or disaster,

But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake his
master.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, la, la.

As your friends turn tail the moment that you need
'em,

My dog ran away when no longer I cou'd feed him,

This cur, so ungrateful, forsook me on my journey,

And for a mouldy crust went back to the attorney.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, la, la.

S O N G.

(136)

S O N G.

GAYLY TAILY FLUM.

I'M a blofs of the town, and Ned is my flafh,
Gayly taily flum;
I'm a blofs of the town and Ned is my flafh,
I fleece all my culls and I tip him the calf,
With my gaily taily flatberum-a-ry,
Gaily taily flatberum-a-ry, gaily taily flum.

With the beft of the brims my head is high drest,
Gayly taily flum,
Have an air and a motion as well as the beft,
With my gaily, &c.

From fam'd *Ludgate-hill* unto *Temple-bar*,
Gayly taily flum:
I ramble about to difpofe of my ware,
With my gaily, &c.

I met with a failor who tip'd me the wink,
Gayly taily flum:
We went to a tavern I mac'd all his chink.
With my gaily, &c.

If the Watch or the Conftable come in my play,
Gayly taily flum:
I fluce well their gobs and I foon get away,
With my gaily, &c.

But if that by chance I fhould pike to mill-doll,
Gayly taily flum:
The pads and the fcamps will all vifit queer Moll,
With their gaily, &c.

S O N G,

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Castle of Andalusia.

GALLOPING DREARY DUN.

AIR—PADRILLO.

A Master I have, and I am his man,
 Galloping dreary dun,
 And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
 With a haily,
 Gaily,
 Gambo raily,
 Giggling,
 Niggling,
 Galloping galloway, draggel-tail dreary dun.

I saddled his steed, so fine and so gay,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
 With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
 With her haily, &c.

We met with a Friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 By the Lord, says the Friar, you are both astray,
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 We wander alone, like the babes i'the wood,
 With our haily, &c.
 My

My master's a fighting, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 But now I think better—I better go to sleep,
With my haily, &c.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Agreeable Surprise.

LINGO'S ACCIDENCE.

*A*MO, *amas*,
 I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender;
 Sweet cowslips grace
 Is her nom'tive case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

C H O R U S.

Rorum corum
Sunt divorum,
Harum scarum!
Divo!
Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat-band,
Hic, hoc, borum genetivo!

Can I decline,
 A nymph divine?
 Her voice as a flute is *dulcis*;
 Her *oculus* bright,
 Her *man's* white,
 And soft, when I *tacto* her pulse is.

Rorum corum, &c.

Oh,

Oh, how *bella*,
 My *puella* !
 I'll kiss *secula seculorum* :
 If I've luck, fir,
 She's my *uxor*,
 O *dies benedictorum* !

Rorum corum, &c.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman
 Who at Black-friars bridge us'd for to ply ?
 He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
 Winning each heart and delighting each eye ;
 He look'd so neat and row'd so steadily,
 The maidens all flock'd to his boat so readily ;
 And he ey'd the young rogues with so charming an
 air,
 That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,
 'Twas clean'd out so neat, and so painted withal !
 He was always first oars, when the fine city ladies,
 In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.
 And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering
 But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and jeering ;
 For loving, and liking, he little did care,
 For this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to see how strangely things happen ;
 As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,
 He

He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That he smil'd, and so straightway in love he did
fall.

And wou'd this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to night before it was morrow;
And how should this waterman ever know care,
When he's marry'd and never in want of a fare?

S O N G.

THE COBLER'S END.

A Cobler there was and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen,
and hall;

No coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor no duns at his gate.

Derry down, &c.

Contented he work'd and he thought himself happy
If at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy,
He'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most sweet
Saying just to a hair I've made both ends meet.

Derry down, &c.

But love the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau,
He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart
I wish it had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay,

Her

Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

Derry down, &c.

He sung her love songs as he set at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew, or a Turk,
Whenever he spoke she would flounce and would flier,
Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd.
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he dy'd and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

And now in good will I advise as a friend,
All cobblers take notice of this cobbler's end,
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's
past,

That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

BRICK DUST NAN.

BY the side of a green stagnant pool,
Brick-dust Nan she sat scratching her head,
Black matted locks frizzled her scull,
As bristles the hedge hog bespread;
While the wind toss'd her tatters abroad,
Her ashy-bronz'd beauties reveal'd;
A link boy to her, thro' the mud,
Bare-footed, flew over the field.

As

As vermin on vermin delight,
 As carrion best suits the crow's taste,
 So beggars and bunters unite,
 And swine-like on dirt make a feast:
 To a Hottentot offals have charms,
 With garbage their bosoms they deck;
 She fluttishly open'd her arms,
 He filthily fell on her neck.

On her flabby breasts one hand he plac'd,
 No towels these breasts ever teaze,
 T'other fist grip'd her stays-wanting waist,
 Like ladies, she dress'd for her ease:
 Jack drew forth his quid, and he swore;
 Then his lower lip charg'd to the brim;
 He scoul'd, like a lewd grunting boar,
 And squinting, she leer'd upon him.

" Oh, my love, thof I cannot well jaw,"
 This plyer at play-house began,
 " Not tobacco's so sweet to the chaw,
 " As to kifs is the lips of my Nan :"
 O! my Jack, cries the mud-colour'd she,
 And gave him some rib-squeezing hugs,
*In a dust-hole I'd cuddle with thee,
 Aye blast me! tho' bit by the bugs.*

Full as black as themselves, now the sky
 To the south of the hemisphere lour'd,
 To finish love's feast in the cry,
 To a stable they hastily scour'd,
 While rats round them hungry explor'd,
 And cobwebs their canopy grace,
 Undaunted on litter they snor'd,
 Fatigu'd with dirt, drink, and embrace.

S O N G,

ROGER AND PEGGY.

GOODY Jones had oft perceiv'd
 Her daughter Peg complaining;
 Her hair hung loose, her stays unlac'd—
 She long'd to know the meaning!
 Says she, dear daughter, what's the cause
 Of all your sighs and wailings;
 Come tell me truly how it is,
 And how, and where's your ailing?

Tal la!, &c.

Oh! mother, I will tell you now,
 What 'tis so long has griev'd me,
 Young Roger has, for all his vows,
 I fear at length deceiv'd me;
 He told me all the finest things!
 His talking did so charm me:
 And when he got me in the barn,
 He swore he would not harm me.

Tal la!, &c.

The mother soon found out what 'twas
 That made poor Peg uneasy;
 She rung her hands, and stamp'd and tore,
 As if she had been crazy;
 She on her belly laid her hand,
 And found it hard and swelling—
 You slut, you forward jade, says she,
 Your ruin needs no telling.

Tal la!, &c.

Oh ! mother pray forgive my fault,
 He promis'd me so fairly,
 He'd marry me if I'd comply,
 And swore it too sincerely,
 He look'd so neat, and kiss'd so sweet,
 'Twas all in vain dissembling ;
 I cou'd not stop his eager hand
 I was seiz'd with such a trembling.

Oh ! that ever I was born,
 You surely might have stop'd him,
 I would have pinch'd his impudence—
 And held, and soundly slap't him ;
 The thoughts of being got with child,
 You jade, might surely shame you ;
 But tell me truly how it was,
 And where he overcame you ?

Why, in the hay-loft first it was,
 As one day we were playing,
 He laid me down, I thought no harm,
 For side-long we were laying ;
 But soon he turn'd me on my back,
 And fiercely got upon me,
 And when 'twas in, such pain I felt,
 I swore he had undone me.

But not content with the first time,
 Ere yet he scarce had ended,
 Again, unable to resist,
 My willing legs extended—
 And then it was I do believe,
 It caus'd my belly's rising ;
 For nature will be nature still,
 In spite of all advising.

S O N G.

S O N G,

Sung by Mrs. Wilson, in the Agreeable Surprise.

THE CHARMING FELLOW.

LORD what care I for mam or dad?
 Why let them scold and bellow;
 For while I live I'll love my lad,
 He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair-day, on yonder green,
 The Youth he danc'd so well-o,
 So spruce a lad was never seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
 The lad was somewhat mellow:
 Says he, my dear, I'll see you home,
 I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
 Says he, my sweetest Nello,
 I'll kiss you here by this good light:
 Lord, what a charming fellow.

You rogue, says I, you've stop'd my breath,
 Ye bells ring out my kneil-o;
 Again I'd die to sweet a death,
 With such a charming fellow.

H

SONG.

S O N G.

THE CHOICE SPIRITS.

Tune—Stand round my brave boys.

SIT round, my brave boys, and assist my bad
voice,
As loud to the world I declare,
While a bumper can flow, that we'll ne'er cease to
shew,
How joyous the choice spirits are, &c.

The soldier must arm at the trumpet's alarm,
For battle he's bid to prepare;
He our foes puts to rout, we the bottle put about,
To shew what choice spirits are, &c.

The bucks the town yields, and the bucks of the
fields,
Who are chacing the harlot or hare,
No more risques would pursue, but the bottle keep
in view,
Did they hunt where the choice spirits are, &c.

The prude that pretends, that a man's touch offends,
and to die an old maid will declare;
Did she take a glass of this, she would ne'er take
amiss,
To try what the choice spirits are, &c.

Ye love-sick poetic, ye poets dramatic,
Ye buskins who tragedy tear;
Leave the paper-wasting art, quit each rant, and
each start,
And as choice spirits act if you dare, &c.

From the tutor got free, a-la-mode a Paré,
 See the fop with his puff powder'd hair,
 He'd his looking-glass forsake, if to drinking he'd
 take,
 And come where the choice spirits are, &c.

By no party perplex'd, wit and wine is our text,
 Love and friendship then form up this square;
 Neither int'rest old or new, neither gipsy or jew,
 Come under the choice spirits care, &c.

No more I'll rehearse, but I'll here end my verse,
 Tho' it is on a subject so rare;
 With a bumper before us, we'll sing in full chorus,
 The choicest of spirits we are, &c. &c.

S O N G.

LASS AND FRIAR.

A Lovely lass to a friar came,
 To confess in the morning early.
 In what my dear was you to blame,
 Come own it all sincerely;
 I've done, sir, what I dare not name,
 With a lad who loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,
 Is what I now discover;
 Then you to Rome for that must go,
 There discipline to suffer;
 Lack-a-day! sir, if it must be so,
 Pray with me send my lover.

No, no, my dear, you dream,
 We'll have no double dealing;
 But if with me you'll repeat the same,
 I'll pardon your past failing.
 I must own, sir, though I blush for shame,
 That your penance is prevailing.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Peruvian.

DOT AND CARRY ONE.

POUNDS, shillings, pence and farthings, I
 Have at my fingers end,
 And how to sell, and how to buy,
 To borrow, or to lend;
 But this, since I felt birch at school,
 My pate has ran upon,
 Addition be my golden rule,
 Ha! Dot and carry one.

At loss and gain a scholar good,
 Full early was I taught
 To gain at guineas all I cou'd,
 To lose the devil a groat.
 At fractions and divisions when
 Hard knots were laying on,
 Subtraction was my practice then,
 Ha! Dot and carry one.

But

But words no more I'll numerate,
 And thus sum total lies;
 Of terms I'll not an acre bate,
 Reduction I despise:
 And since cockade and roguish eye
 Miss Clara's heart has won,
 If you're resolv'd to multiply,
 Ha! Dot and carry one.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Peruvian.

CURE FOR THE GOUT.

TH O' the pye of green truffes
 Had split my pantouffes,
 I ne'er stopt, tho' I well knew the worst;
 Yet the pain in my toe
 Was a terrible foe
 To the pleasure I took in the crust.
 For a fit of the gout,
 I'd scorn to give out,
 Having oft heard the doctors declare,
 That when once in the feet,
 It is better to eat,
 As a sure means of keeping it there.

With damn'd water-gruel,
 Your doctors so cruel,
 Advise me to keep myself low;
 Yet I cannot refrain,
 Tho' I'm twing'd with the pain,
 So e'en as it comes it must go.

To throb it began ill,
 But patience and flannel,
 Got through the fatigues of the day ;
 And while I was able
 To sit at the table,
 I eat, drank and swore it away.

Tho' the pye, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Edwin, in the Peruvian.

WHEN our Mayor, Lord blefs him! whose
 former delight
 Was to make a day's work of being boozy at night,
 Is forc'd now e'er noon his full quantum to sip,
 Lest any thing fall—'twixt the cup and the lip.
 Beware of a trip,

Lest any thing fall, &c.

In a vis-a-vis Bridget surprizes the town,
 Who lately in pattens could trudge up and down ;
 But 'twas prudent in her to lay pattens aside,
 When she found by experience she's subject to slide.
 Oh, fie on her guide!

She found by experience, &c.

Your Patriot, whose feelings are wond'rous nice,
 And refuses each place—that is under his price,
 Finds his delicate conscience most ready to slip,
 When the pensions escape 'twixt the cup and the lip,
 Oh, it gives them the slip,

When the pensions escape, &c.

The

The Youth who has charm'd all the clubs with
debate,

And to shine in the Senate spends all his estate,
Soon finds from his speeches no produce will come,
And the first of all speakers turns Orator Mam!

Yes, 'twas all a hum,

For the first of all Speakers, &c.

Here am I too, who studied the comforts of life,
Having earn'd a snug farm, would possess a snug
wife;

But the loss of my fame all my prospects will nip,
'Twas a trifle that fell - twixt the cup and the lip.

Oh, beware of a trip!

Such trifles oft fall, &c.

S O N G.

THE MEDLEY.

THIS world is a stage
On which mankind engage,
And each acts his part in a throng;
But all in confusion,
Meer tolly, delusion,
And faith, nothing else but a song;
A song, a song,
And faith, nothing else but a song.

The parson so grave,
Says your soul he will save,
And point the right way from the wrong,
H 4 After

After piously teaching,
 With long-winded preaching,
 And puts of his flock with a song, &c.

The doctor he fills
 You with bolus and pills,
 With assurance to make you live long;
 But believe me 'tis true,
 The guinea's in view,
 And the rest it is all but a song, &c.

The surgeon so bold
 His lancet doth hold,
 And flashes your body along;
 Small wounds he enlarges,
 To fill up your charges
 His art like the rest is a song, &c.

The foldier he rattles,
 Of sieges and battles,
 And sieges that he's been among;
 His preferment and spirit
 Are both like his merit,
 You see they are bought for a song, &c.

The master he cries,
 See the clouds how they rise,
 Up aloft, my brave lads, it blows strong;
 Boy make us some flip,
 And I'll warant the ship
 Will soon reach her port, is his song, &c.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,
 The lawyer he scribbles,
 And moves his mellifluous tongue;

'Twixt

'Twixt demer and vacation,
 He'll raise expectation,
 Then sink your estate to a song, &c.

The merchant is bent
 On his twenty per cent,
 To him journal and ledger belong;
 Commission with charges,
 His profit enlarges,
 'Till his balance may end in a song, &c.

With powder and lace,
 And effeminate face,
 The gay fop behold strutting along;
 Just arrived from his travels,
 At nothing he levels,
 But just a dance and a song, &c.

The gentle coquet,
 She's all in a fret,
 In the morn if her toilet be wrong;
 The whole day she will pass
 To consult her dear glass,
 And at night die away with a song, &c.

The surly old prude,
 She will say you are rude,
 For the bliss tho' she secretly long;
 But take her aside,
 You may manage her pride,
 And her virtue bring down to a song, &c.

The courtier he smiles,
 At the time he beguiles,
 And feeds you with promises long:

He squeezes your hand,
And calls you his friend,
Tho' he means nothing more than a song, &c.

Then let us be jolly,
Drive hence melancholy,
Since we are brave fellows among;
Taste life as it passes,
And fill up our glasses,
And each honest blade sing a song,
A song, a song,
And each honest blade sing a song.

S O N G.

The Medley, or a dish of all Sorts.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me—
From the man that I love, tho' my heart I
disguise,

I can freely distinguish—

The Sun from the East tips the mountains with
gold,

And the meadows all spangled—

With woman and wine, I defy ev'ry care,
For life without these, is—

An old song made by an ancient old pate,
Of——

All the girls within the town,
The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
That dance and prance it up and down,

There's none like——

Bra' John O'Bute, was a bonny muckle man,
Frae Scotland he came——

In

In penance for past folly,
 A pilgrim blithe and jolly,
 A foe to——

The four and twentieth day of May,
 Of all the days in the year, fir,

When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their verdure have lost;
 When all nature disrob'd of her mantle of green,—

By the side of a great kitchen fire,
 A scullion complaining was laid;
 A pudding was——

All in the Downs, the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my true-love find:
 Tell me——

John Anderson my Jo, John, I wonder what your
 mean,

To rise so soon at morning, to sit so late at e'en,—

The clock has struck, I can't tell what,
 And the morning came on too, as grey as a rat;
 Cocks and hens from their roosts did fly,
 Grunting pigs too leave their sty;

Down in a vale, Cifs with her pail,
 Met her true love dapper Harry,

First they kist, then shook fist,
 And look'd like——

A certain presbyterian pair.
 Was wedded t'other day,

And when the lambs were laid in bed,
 The pastor came to pray.—

Then sy let us a'to the wedding,
 For there will be lilting——

There was once it was said,
 But it's out of my head;
 And more so yet true is my tale,

That a——

A taylor good lord ! in the time of vacation,
When cabbage was scarce, and when pocket was
low ;

For the sake of good liquor pretended a passion

To one that sold ale in a cuckoldly row,
Sing in and out, thro' a clout, whilst he was able ;

Prick a louse, prick a louse, what could he do ?
Now a louse made him itch, here a scratch, there a
fitch ;

And sing cucumber ! cucumber !——
I'm old mad Tom, behold me ;

My wits are quite unfram'd ;
I'm mad I'm sure, and past all cure,

Nor hope to be reclaim'd——
Jupiter wenchs and drinks, he rules the roast in
the sky,
He's a fool if he thinks.—

The world is a jumble of nonsense and fun,
And life's run away with, e're 'tis well begun ;
Like this motly song, 'tis the farce of a day,
Which aptly concludes with a tal de ral la.

From sorrow to mirth, we inconstantly range,
No mortal on earth, but is fond of a change ;
Then while you have fun, I advise you make hay,
And always make sure of your tal de ral la.

Look round in the world and you'll constantly find,
As odd sort of couples as ever I bind :
The young weds the old, and the grave takes the
gay ;
All strangers to mirth, and it's tal de ral la.

Ye droll sort of mortals who laugh at my song,
 Laugh on, and be thankful you're not in the wrong :
 And you that are sad, know the dog has his day,
 Then take a full swing at your tal de ral la.

S O N G.

THE WHIMSICAL LOVER.

I Love you for your squinting eyes,
 They'll breed no jealousy;
 When you perhaps on others look,
 They'll think you look on me.

I love you for your sparrow mouth,
 For in an am'rous close,
 There's room on either side to kiss,
 And ne'er offend your nose.

I love you for your pudding waist;
 If you a taylor lack,
 We need not send to France for him,
 We'll fit you with a sack.

I love you for your copper nose,
 The features ne'er the worse;
 I find the metal in your face,
 You wanted in the purse.

I love you for your rotten teeth,
 A fine new fancy'd grace,
 You wear black patches in the mouth,
 'Tis common on the face.

I love you for your blubber lips,
In them I thrift propose,
Fit dripping-pans they're for your eyes,
And save-alls for your nose.

S O N G.

OPERA REHERSAL.

A Burletta.

RECITATIVO.

V E R E is mine lose, mine pretty Dammoiseina,
Dat she no come to make mine shirt look
cleaner ?

Var is the reaton she no come before,
To mend my preeches, vish so much are tore ?

A I R.

(To the Tune of, '*Dearest creature of all nature*'.)

Dammoiseina,
Neat and clean a,
O my losely beauteous las,
Put some stiches
In mine preeches,
Or de folks—vill see mine a—se.

Or de folks, &c.

Bring some soap to wash and scower,
And some starch, or else some flour ;

Haste

Haste, O haste, mine lolly fair,
Vile I curl and pinch my air.

Dammoseina, neat, &c.

Vid mine fiddle I'll delight ye,
Music charms will sure invite ye,
Come, O come, mine Dammoseina,
To your faithful *Catguttina*.

Oh ! O———!

Dammoseina, neat, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Vas ever man before in such a plight :
Vat must I do ? to-night is op'ra night—
But hark !—I hear her knocking at de door,
Come in you little, pretty, saucy ore.

ITALIAN AIR. *She.*

Eh ! Seignior what you call a me ?
If you say such vorts encore,
I vill so cuff and maal ye,
I'll teach you call me ore,
I'll teach you call me ore,
I'll teach you, &c.
I heard you say so just as I
Vas coming at de door,
Vas coming at de door.

RECITATIVO. *He.*

By gar mine angels I was but in jest,
For ven I call you ore—I love you best.

ITALIAN

ITALIAN AIR.

Come den my Dammoſeina,
 Here take my roſel'd ſhirt
 And waſh it nice and clean a,
 For ah ! 'tis black as dirt ;
 Den make mine preeches whole and tight,
 And I will—kiſs you for't.
 And I will kiſs you for't.

S O N G.

THE LADIES WANTS.

Tune—*The Duſky Night.*

WHEN firſt a maid within her breaſt,
 Perceives a humble flame ;
 She finds a ſomething break her reſt,
 Yet knows not whence it came.
 A huſband 'tis ſhe wants.

Now riper grown, at ſight of man
 Her ſwelling boſom glows ;
 Old maid's may ſay, the ſextrepan,
 But Miſs much better knows.
 A huſband 'tis ſhe wants.

If pale and wan the drooping fair,
 Seems ſinking to her grave ;
 In vain is medicinal care,
 'Tis this alone can ſave.
 A huſband 'tis I mean.

Let

Let maidens stale their doctrines preach,
'Gainst what like us they love;
For trust me they the same would teach,
If they the same could have.

A husband 'tis I mean.

Then on, dear girls, and boldly prove
There's truth in what I say;
Let Hymen take the torch of love,
And gild each happy day.

A husband 'tis I mean.

S O N G.

THE CHOICE SPIRIT'S LOTTERY.

YE national schemer's a while give me leave,
A scheme I'll advance that shall no ways de-
ceive;

No humbug I mean, set on foot by the great,
Tho' a lottery's my scheme—it is not of state.

No——your tickets divide into shares,
To plunder your pockets and heighten your cares,
No blanks to depress you come in my design,
The wheel is good humour, the prize is—good wine.

From a scheme such as this, what delight must ac-
crue

To a people who always give Bacchus his due.
Choice god of the grape, by thy virtues inspir'd,
The cause I'll relate you, so justly admir'd.

'Tis

'Tis wine that gives freedom we always maintain,
 The slave fill'd with claret despises his chain;
 'Tis wine gives us wit, and ennobles the sense,
 And aids fancy's flight as new spirits commence.

The hero aspire's to conquests and arms,
 The lover despises his mistress's charms;
 The preacher delivers his precepts so fine,
 Replete with the pow'r giving juice of the wine.

Then our lottery attend, all who love frisk and fun,
 You are sure of a prize, for no more than a crown:
 Apollo and Bacchus here jointly agree
 To take off the hip, and renew you with glee.

Let the vot'ry of Plutus, who values his pelf,
 To be happy for once—steal a crown for himself;
 Ye sons of the turf, leave your tricking and lies,
 The whole course is a blank—here you're sure of a
 prize.

Ye lovers, ye fops, or whoever may please,
 Leave your fighting and cares here you'll quickly
 find ease;
 Old and young, great and little, attend to my call,
 This ev'ning we draw, fir, at—Comus's-hall.

S O N G.

THE CHAMBERMAID.

NOT far from town, a country 'squire,
 An open hearted blade,
 Had long confess'd a strong desire
 To kiss the chamber-maid,
 To kiss the chamber-maid:

One

One summer's noon, quite full of glee,
 He led her to the shade,
 And all beneath the mulb'ry-tree,
 He kifs'd the chamber-maid,
 He kifs'd the chamber-maid.

The parson's wife from window high,
 The am'rous pair survey'd,
 And softly wish'd, none can deny,
 She'd been the chamber-maid;
 When all was o'er, poor Betty cry'd,
 Kind sir, I'm much afraid,
 That woman there will tell your bride,
 You've kifs'd the chamber-maid.

The 'squire conceiv'd a lucky thought,
 That she might not upbraid,
 And instantly the lady brought,
 Where he had kifs'd her maid:
 Then all beneath the mulb'ry-tree
 Her ladyship was laid,
 And three times sweetly kifs'd was she,
 Just like her chamber-maid.

Next morning came the parson's wife,
 For scandal was her trade;
 I saw your 'squire, ma'am, on my life,
 Great with your chamber-maid.
 When, cry'd the lady, where and how?
 I'll soon discharge the jade:
 Beneath the mulb'ry tree, I vow,
 He kifs'd your chamber-maid.

This falshood, cry'd her ladyship,
 Shall not my spouse degrade;

'Twas

'Twas I chanc'd their to make a slip,
 And not my chamber-maid;
 Both parties parted in a pet,
 Not trusting what was said,
 And Betty keeps her service yet,
 The pretty chamber-maid.

S O N G.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 (Where sad despair and famine always
 dwells)

A meager Frenchman, madam Grandfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took.
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd sir-loin,
 Of which in vain he often wish'd to dine;
 Good father Dominic by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
 Who when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd;
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chops, and thus the knight address'd.

A I R.

A I R.

(A lovely lass to a friar came, &c.)

O raie roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd fir-loin, oft-times decreed,
 The theme of English ballad;
 On thee, e'en Kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
 Then how much doth my taste exceed
 Soup meager frog, and fallad.

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen;
 Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food:
 His morning's mess forsook the (frendly bowl)
 And in small streams along the pavement stole:
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

A I R.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Die! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite;
 Begar it be de roast beef from Londre:
 O! grant to me van letal bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies,
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return and let me feast mine eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 (Whose brazen front his country did betray)
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread;
 Soon as the well known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd.

A I R.

(*Ellen a Roon.*)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy fight is,
 My joy that to light is,
 To view thee, by pailfuls runs out of my eyes.

While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
 While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
 Ah, hard-hearted Loui!
 Why did I come to you?
 The gallows more kind would have sav'd me from
 starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground, hard by, poor Sawney fat,
 Who fed his nose and scratch'd his ruddy pate;

But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear-lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside :
 With lifted hands he bless'd his native place,
 Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case :

A I R.

(*The Broom of Cowdenows.*)

How hard, oh ! Sawney is thy lot,
 Who was so blithe of late,
 To see such meat as can't be got,
 When hunger is so great.

*O the beef ! the bonny bonny beef,
 When roasted nice and brown ;
 I wish I had a slice of thee,
 How sweet it would gang down.*

Ah, Charley ! hadst thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me,
 I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,
 E're I had gang'd wi'thee.

O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But see, my muse to England takes her flight
 Where health and plenty socially unite :
 Where smiling freedom guards great George's
 throne,
 And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known ;
 Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains should ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A I R.

A I R.

As once on a time, a young frog pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

*O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.*

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, son, to attempt it your surely to blame.

O the roast beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst;
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
'Till swelling and straining too hard, made him
burst:

O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons be valiant, the moral is clear;
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur:
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the fir-loin smoaking hot on our table;
The French may e'en burst, like the frog in the
fable.

O the roast beef, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY MILLER.

THERE was a jolly miller once liv'd on the
River Dee,

He danc'd and he sang from morn to night, no lark
so blithe as he,

And this the burden of his song for ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, God bless her! she's kindred,
child, and wife;

I would not change my station for any other in life,
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from
me,

I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

When spring begins its merry career, oh! how his
heart grows gay!

No summer drought alarms his fears, nor winter's
sad decay.

No foresight mars the miller's joy, who wants to
sing and say,

Let others toil from year to year,—I live from day
to day.

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice
and sing;

The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on
the wing.

This song shall pass from me to thee, along this jo-
vial ring;

Let heart and voice and all agree, to say long live
the king.

I

S O N G.

S O N G.

FATHER PAUL.

LET grave divines preach up dull rules,
And moral wit refine,
The precepts taught in Roman schools,
We friars here define.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to Father Paul,
For flowing bowls
Inspire the souls
Of jolly friars all..

When in the convent we are met,
We laugh, we joke, we sing;
All worldly cares we there forget,
For Father Paul's our king.

Here's a Health, &c.

No absolution we will give,
Ye blue ey'd nuns so fair;
No benediction here receive,
But banish all your care.

Here's a Health, &c.

With beads and crosses, not held divine,
We pray with fervent zeal
To rosy Bacchus, god of wine,
Who does each joy reveal.

Here's a Health, &c.

May

May ev'ry friar please his nun,
 Each nun her friar please;
 And each alike enjoy their fun
 With freedom and with ease.

Here's a Health, &c.

Then fill your bumpers, sons of mirth,
 Let friars be the toast;
 Long may they all exist on earth,
 And nuns their orders boast.

Here's a Health, &c.

S O N G.

THE BEST IN CHRISTENDOM.

A HEALTH.

Tune—*In story we're told, &c.*

YE sons of the cask,
 Who love a full flask,
 To the fountain of life hither come;
 While it sparkling flows,
 A health I'll propose,
 "To the best in all Christendom."

Ye sanctify'd drones,
 With spiritual groans,
 Whose cant proves religion a hum;
 A spirit more kind,
 In a health you will find,
 "To the best in all Christendom."

Ye lawyer's who brawl,
At Westminster-Hall,
But without a fee always are mum ;
For once honest be,
And drink now with me,
"To the best in all Christendom."

Ye quacks, who pretend,
All ills you can mend,
The cripple, the blind, deaf, and dumb ;
Leave plaister and pill,
And a large bumper fill,
"To the best in all Christendom."

Ye foldiers who fight,
Yet gain nothing by't,
Quit the sound of the trumpet and drum ;
More pleasure is found,
When glasses go round,
"To the best in all Christendom."

Ye merchants, who roam,
For riches from home,
I hopes of obtaining a plumb ;
What is Cræsus's wealth,
Compar'd with a health,
"To the best in all Christendom."

Ye bards who create,
In the whimsical pate,
Strange stories of fee, faw, and fum ;
'Twill inspire your muse,
Then a health ne'er refuse,
"To the best in all Christendom."

And when all are met,
 Round the bowl let us get,
 And each tip a glass o'er the thumb :
 While there's liquor before us,
 Let's join in a chorus,
"To the best in all Christendom,"

SONG.

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

HOW stands the glass around,
 For shame ye take no care, boys,
 How stands the glass around,
 Let mirth and wine abound,
 The trumpets sound,
 The colours they are flying boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound,
 May we still be found,
 Content with our hard fate my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, foldiers, why,
 Should we be melancholy, boys;
 Why, foldiers, why,
 Whose bus'ness 'tis to die !
 What fighting, fie !
 Damn fear, drink on, be jolly, boys,
 'Tis he, you, or I !
 Cold, hot, wet or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys,
 'Tis but in vain,
 For soldiers to complain,
 Should next campaign,
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain ;
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

S O N G.

THE NEW FAL DE RAL TIT.

Sung at the Masquerade.

I Was a flash man of St. Giles,
 And I fell in love with Nelly Stiles,
 And I padded the hoof for many miles,
 To shew the strength of my flame ;
 In the Strand and at the Admiralty,
 She picks up the flats as they pass by,
 And I mills their wipes from their side clye,
 And I sings fal de ral tit.

The first time I saw the flaming mott,
 It was at the sign of the pewter pot,
 We call'd for some purl and they brou't it hot,
 With gin and bitters too ;
 We threw of our slang to high and low,
 For we were resolv'd to breed a row,
 And we got as drunk as David's fow,
 Then we sung fal de ral tit.

As

As we were roaring forth a catch.
 It was twelve o'clock, and we wak'd the watch,
 At his jazey then I made a snatch,
 And try'd to nab his rattle ;
 But I miss'd my aim, and down I fell,
 So then he charg'd both me and Nell,
 And bundled us both to St. Martin's cell,
 Where we sung fal de ral tit.

We passed the night in love away,
 And before Justice B—d were had the next day,
 When, because we cou'd not three hog pay,
 Why, we was sent to quod ;
 In quod we pass'd three dismal weeks,
 'Till Nell with crying swell'd her cheeks,
 And I damn'd the quorum all for sneaks,
 And then sung fal de ral tit.

From Newgate bars we now be free,
 And Nell and I so well agree,
 That we live in perfect harmony,
 With bub and grub our fill :
 For we have stag'd a precious go,
 And queer'd the flats at thrums E O ;
 Every night at Titmouse Row,
 Where we sung fal de ral tit.

All you that live at your wits end,
 Unto my maxim pray attend,
 Never despair to find a friend,
 While the flats have bit aboard ;
 For Nelly and I, why we keeps a gig,
 And roll so grand, so flash and big,
 And we're up to every knowing rig,
 And we sings fal de ral tit.

S O N G.

THE MIDDLING WAY.

WARM and wanton one night by her husband's dull side,
A wishing wife, sighing, began thus to chide ;
'Tis hard, my dear Jack, that from me you shou'd
stray.

Be contented at home in the middling way.

Derry down, &c.

What abroad can you find that you have not at home ?

Jack heard her, but sily resolv'd to be mum ;
She pull'd him, she pinch'd him, and cry'd out,
John, pray

Do not sleep now, my dear, for 'tis out of the way.

Derry down, &c.

With a yawn, Jack he cries, wife what is't you want ?

I'll do all I can, if my all will content ;
Your all my dear Jack, it is all you can say,
Or all that I want in the middling way.

Derry down, &c.

To obey he began, but began in a hurry,
Which, like poor Hans Carvel, put ma'am in a
fury ;

Says she, I perceive you don't mind what I say ;
Lord, Jack ! pray hold still, for you're out of the
way.

Derry down, &c.

Why,

Why, I hate to be tantaliz'd Jack, and you know it;
If you've any love for me, now pray, my dear
shew it;

Jack obey'd the direction, till all she could say,
Was, now you are plump in the middling way.

Derry down, &c.

I've sung you a song in the middling way,
My singing is poor, I suppose you will say;
Yet so fond I'm of singing, my muse next intends,
To sing or say nothing of 'tother two ends.

Derry down, &c.

Which end is the best, and which most can prevail,
As for ships, birds, and fish, they are steer'd by the
tail;

And altho' man and wife for the head may contend,
They're both better pleas'd when they get t'other
end.

Derry down, &c.

The end of our misses, the end of our wives,
The end of our loves, and the end of our lives,
The end of connection 'twixt mistress and male,
Tho' the head does design, has its end in the tail.

Derry down, &c.

More ends I could name, but these are the best,
No end I should gain in recounting the rest:
Yet one I will add, which you cannot think wrong,
And that is, to make here an end of my song.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

THE REPRISALS.

Tune—Come rouse Brother Sportsmen.

COME rouse brother tars! hark, the seamen
all cry;
We're order'd to fight, let us conquer or die;
The trumpet's bold notes, and the cannon's loud
roar,
Will chide the dull landsmen, for ling'ring on shore.

Revenge has just sent us a prosperous gale,
Directs all our thunders, and fills ev'ry fail;
She soon will assure us we arm not in vain,
And make us all rich, with the spoils of the main.

Leave, leave my brave messmates, the smiles of
the fair,
'Tis George that demands all the hearts you can
spare;
Then tell them that love must to glory give place;
Soon beauty shall welcome the conquerors embrace.

To fame, jovial hunters, your sports ye must yield;
Here glory awaits you, on ocean's wide field;
We've an excellent chase; nobler game we've in
view—
'Tis Frenchmen that fly, while we Britons pursue.

Look yonder! look yonder! Monsieur is in fight,
Let's haste to bear down, and prepare for the fight;

But

But coward-like Frenchmen ne'er wait for the
blow;

They, failing of speed, humbly strike to their foe.

Like sons of Old England, once more we resume
The humbling their flags, to our high riding broom:
Thy fleets, haughty Louis! have given us our cue,
And pleas'd, thus we make the reprisals long due.

S O N G.

Description of a true patriotic Member.

SOME cobblers turn poets to serve their great
friends,

Some members turn cobblers to turn your best ends;
Good lord! what mean notions in your members
lurk,

To rob a poor cobbler of all cobbling work.

I hope you'll take care at the gen'ral choice,
To keep up your honour in giving a voice;
The man that doth buy you, he must also sell,
Pray then chuse the members that will serve you
well.

Pray use your endeavours with all your sweethearts,
To chuse out a man of good natural parts,
So enter the state, and at last reach the prize;
This ability wanting, your man cannot rise.

I am a freeman, I may thank my good friend ;
 I not only stand, but am willing to spend ;
 What would you have more to defend your just laws,
 Than to empty my bags in your country's cause ?

I stand by myself, tho' by you I am rais'd,
 And when I stand stiffly, by you I am prais'd ;
 This general maxim I cannot think wrong,
 The body's not weak, when the members are strong.

Some call me an assistant, but, by your good leave,
 My family's descended from Adam and Eve ;
 My greatest misfortune, I act in dumb show,
 I have not a tongue for to say aye or no.

What can be more humble, unless a plain mouse,
 My highest ambition's a little thatch'd house ;
 The door in the middle, a wife in her smock,
 The door to fall open whenever I knock.

Of national good then you need not despair,
 If all members, like me, would split but the hair ;
 Not lean to each party, nor be led astray,
 But push at all things in a middling way.

Some members no sooner into the house get,
 Their votes they will sell, tho' they pay no just debt ;
 All these men of honour will swear black is white,
 But a good standing member pays bills upon fight.

My sweet charming creatures, my dears all in all,
 By you I must stand, and by you I must fall ;
 Then fill up your glasses, and cheerfully sing,
 A stiff standing member a blessing does bring.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE BRUTES.

COME cease all your pother, about this or
that ;

All discord and envy let pass :
The tatler who talks of he cannot tell what,
May justly be reckon'd an *ass*, an *ass*.

The beau who befrizzles and tortures his hair,
To heighten his delicate shape,
(While ever grimace is the end of his care)
Deserves to be reckon'd an *ape*.

The cynical churl, who would fain be thought wise,
And doth constantly cavil and growl,
(Tho' this may be wisdom in some people's eyes)
Deserves to be reckon'd an *owl*.

The glutton who, greedy, for ever would stuff
On all the fine dishes in vogue,
Who never content, would have more than enough,
Deserves to be reckon'd a *bog*.

The clown who tho' clumsy, would active be thought,
Or wonderous clever appear,
As the fable can shew,—put him into a boat,
And he'll prove nothing else but a *bear*.

The merchant who ventures o'er Afric' to roam,
In hazardous search after luck,—
Ne'er knows that his lady hath gallants at home,
Who dub the poor cuckold a *buck*.

The

The innocent fool who believes he's secure,
In the middle of danger to sleep,
Who dreads no deceit from the Foxes in pow'r,
Deserves to be reckon'd a *sheep*.

The gossip brim full of an ill natur'd tale,
Runs over with aukward abuse ;—
Whilst this cackling humour doth ever prevail,
She deserves to be reckon'd a *goose*.

The rogue who in plundering and filching repleat
Th' unwary draws into a gulf,
Who lives but to murder, to rob, and to cheat,
May justly be reckon'd a *wolf*.

But he whom good sense and good nature inspire,
To do all the good that he can,
While justice and virtue are all his desire,
May justly be reckon'd a *Man*, a *Man*,
May justly be reckon'd a *Man*.

S O N G.

RUGGEDY MADGE.

THE girls of Kilkenny, so buxom and frisky,
Wou'd oftentimes treat me with claret and
Whisky.

Botheroo Didderoo.

'Cause why, I could dance, sing and caper so gaily,
And my heart was as stout as the heart of Shilaley.

Botheroo Didderoo.

But

But Cupid the blinker that arch mischief maker,
For Ruggedy Madge caus'd my bowels to quake, fir.
Botheroo Didderoo.

Oh! Ruggedy Madge was the fair creature's name,
fir,
For whom my poor bosom was all in a flame, fir.
Botheroo Didderoo.

But oh! when I came to address and adore her,
I tumbled down backwards, strait forwards before
her.
Botheroo Didderoo.

Sweet creature, said I, can you fancy a lover,
That now will conceal what he now will discover.
Botheroo Didderoo.

But she with her looks and her tongue 'gan to jeer
me,
And shutting her eyes—was resolv'd not to hear me.
Botheroo Didderoo.

Struck dumb with this usage, said I, you false
creature,
You'll meet with your match neither sooner nor
later.
Botheroo Didderoo.

Then all you young lovers by me take a warning,
And pay no regard to their flouting and scorning.
Botheroo Didderoo.

So boldly resolve to be buxom and jolly,
For it magnifies nothing to be melancholy.
Botheroo Didderoo.

Then when you are dead, they will treat you with
laughter,
And call you a fool all your life ever after.

Botheroo Didderoo.

S O N G.

THE TIMES.

FOR my country's good I care not a fouse,
To handle the cole's the fun ;
For I've got a feat in the Parliament house,
With my fairly, squarely,
Honesty, rarely,
Turn about, in and out
Glittering, sweep it in
Handle the cole's the fun.

When my fortune is gone, I'll live by my clack,
To handle the cole's the fun ;
Like Charley Reynard, or squinting Jack,
With my fairly, &c.

We wrangle, and bully, and censure, and praise,
To handle the cole's the fun,
Yet we join hand in hand, and we jig it in hayes,
With my fairly, &c.

When honour knocks, readily open the door,
To handle the cole's the fun ;
But not for the world when you see a lee shore,
With my fairly, &c.

We

We care not for what department we fit,
 To handle the cole's the fun ;
 From the star in the North, to the depth in the pit,
 With my fairly, &c.

Sell a port, or a town, for the sake of the fees,
 To handle the cole's the fun ;
 When tir'd of a war, we can patch up a peace,
 With our fairly, squarely,
 Honesty rarely,
 Turn-about, in and out,
 Glittering, sweep it in,
 Handle the cole's the fun.

S O N G.

PASS THE TOAST.

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
 Likewise to the widow of fifty ;
 Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
 And likewise to her that has none, fir ;
 Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to her that's but one, fir.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.

Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young, or ancient I care not a feather;
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

S O N G.

GOOD HUMOUR AND WIT.

ONE evening, Good humour took Wit as his
guest,
Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast;
Their liquor was claret, and friendship their host,
And mirth, song, and sentiment garnish'd each
toast.

Derry down, &c.

But while, like true bucks, they enjoy their design,
For the joy of a buck lies in love, wit, and wine,
Alarm'd! they all heard at the door a loud knock,
And the watchman hoarse bellow'd, 'twas past
twelve o'clock.

Derry down, &c,

They

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
 And up stairs they dragg'd the impertinent hound;
 When brought to the light, how much were they
 pleas'd,

To see 'twas the grey glutton time they had siez'd.

Derry down, &c.

His glas as his lanthorn, his scythe as his pole,
 And his single lock dangled a down his smooth
 scull :

My friend, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to
 nock,

And bid ye be gone; for 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Derry down, &c.

Says the venom'd tooth savage, on this advice fix,
 Tho' nature strike twelve, folly still points to six.
 He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear
 it;

So hid him at once in a hoghead of claret.

Derry down, &c.

This is right, call'd out wit; while you're yet in
 your prime,

There's nothing like claret for killing of Time:
 Huzza, reply'd Love, now no more can he knock,
 Or, impertinent, tell us, 'tis past twelve o'clock.

Derry down, &c.

Since Time is confin'd to our wine, let us think,
 By this maxim we're sure of our time when we
 drink :

With bumpers, my lads, let our glasses be prim'd,
 Now we're certain our drinking is always well tim'd.

Derry down, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

MY LADY'S KETTLE.

A Jolly Tinker, through the street
 Went warbling on in voice most sweet,
 D'ye want a man of mettle?
 With that my lady's maid slept out,
 Hip, friend, quoth she, I make no doubt
 You'll stop my lady's kettle.

He first examined well the flaws;
 Then out his implements he draws,
 With store of lasting mettle;
 Tho' tight he work'd, spite of his soul,
 There still remain'd a swinging hole,
 A hole in my lady's kettle.

S O N G.

THE LOBSTER.

A S frisky Sue Willfleet was set at her stall,
 Surrounded with fish, and the devil and all,
 A monsieur by chance, in the intrim came by,
 At her fish and her flesh both, he casts a sheep's eye.
Derry down, &c.

He stopt at her stall, ha! ma sweet pretty dear,
 Vat shall I give you for dat little fish here?
 That lobster, cry'd Susan, I'll be at a word,
 For less than a shilling I can't it afford.

Derry down, &c.

Un shilling, ma dear, *parbleu*; and vor vat?
 For one half de monie I's buy better den dat;
 Aha! *parblue*, begar it does stink a,
 Pray smell it yourself mattam, vat do you tink a?
Derry down, &c.

Says she, you're a lying French impudent dog,
 One half your damn'd country would leap at such
 prog;
 With arms set a-kimbo, up to him she goes,
 And bob went the lobster full plump 'gainst his
 nose.

Derry down, &c.

Trompeuse que vous est sacra blue you damn'd bitch,
 T' abuse a gentleman comes to buy fish;
 Me never will buy a pig in a poke,
 My nose for me was always mine cook.

Derry down, &c.

Then barley nab Sue, her fingers she snapt,
 Pulling him by the nose, a fine curtsy she dropt,
 What bus'ness then have cooks out of their place,
 Come, nose, to my kitchen, and shows her fat arse.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S LITANY.

FROM parching summers, and boisterous win-
 ters;
 From wounds by grenadoes, and bruises by splin-
 ters;
 From the sophistications of brewers and vintners,
May we be delivered.

From a messmate that growls, and is always up-
braiding ;
From the bugs, and the bed a land lubber has laid
in ;
From the wrath of a dry disappointed old maiden,
May we be delivered.

From scurvies, and yaws, and all outlandish hard-
ships,
From bilboes, and bolts, and confinement in guard-
ships ;
From the new petty captains, contriv'd by their
lordships,
May we be delivered.

From laws constru'd wrong and a judge without
candour ;
From a foe's open force, and a friend's private
slander ;
From the guard-house, and hell, and a gouty com-
mander,
May we be delivered.

From a rogue, or a wh—re that tobacco, or flogs
sells ;
From an agent's, and all other rascally shops else ;
From springing our yards, and from splitting our
topsails,
May we be delivered.

From an officer that's always in a d—d stickle ;
From first being flogg'd, and then put into pickle ;
From a beast of a cook, that would pison old Ni-
chol,
May we be delivered.

From meat that will neither bear boiling or roasting;
 From leaks when at sea, and from shoals in our coasting;
 From a midshipman's feet, and the hands of a boat-swain,

May we be delivered.

From beef never put into brine 'till it stunk,
 Or salted too much, and as solid as junk;
 From being seiz'd up to the shrouds when we're drunk,

May we be delivered.

From rusty fat pork that will make a man spew;
 From a gin drinking wench, and a wife that's a shrew;
 From a doctor, a lawyer, a bawd, and a jew,

May we be delivered.

From stinking salt butter, and hard Suffolk cheese;
 From rope yarns, and rags, and old chews in our pease;
 From the French, and the lice, the muschetos and fleas,

May we be delivered.

From bread that is musty, and beer that is fower'd;
 From an obstinate sore that can never be cur'd;
 From the wiles of the purser, the d—l, and steward,

May we be delivered.

SONG.

(192)

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

GOOD-MORROW TO YOUR NIGHT-CAP.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,
You never dream how late 'tis;
This morning gay,
I post away,
To have with you a bit of play.
On two legs rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little bowfy
With whiskey, ale, and cyder,
I ask'd young Betty Blowzy,
To let me set beside her.
Her anger rose,
And four as floes,
The little gipsy cock'd her nose:
Yet here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap.

"Beneath the honey-suckle,
"The daisy and the vi'let
"Compose so sweet a truckle,
"They'll tempt you sure to spoil it.
"Sweet Sal and Bell
"I've pleas'd so well—
"But hold, I must'nt kifs and tell,
"So here I've rid
"Along, to bid
"Good-morrow to your night-cap."

*The celebrated Dutch and German DIALOGUE,
between Mynheer Eupharfon, and Mynheer Van-
slawken.*

AS I was going by de Tirteen Cantons, dat is de place vere de vas sell de alamote peef, who should pe stand at de doors, but Mynheer *Vanslawken* and Mynheer *Vandyson*. Zo, Mynheer *Vanslawken* vas to say to me, vat is de matter you nefer vas go down to de Veen's-Head at *Yealsea*, to play de game at de *Dutch* robbers. So I say to him, I never vas go dere, but I vill go some time or anders. Zo, he zay to me, come now, come now, and pring your vife along vid you. Zo, I say to him, Sair, I was got ne'er a vifes. Zo he say to me den I suppose you keep a faulker woman's—yes, fair, says I,—I vas keep a faulker woman's to be sure, fair. Zo den he says to me, vel, vel, pring your fauker womans along vid you.—Zo I go into *Newkner's-Lane*, I fesh mine fauker woman's and away we vas go to de Veen's-Head, at *Yealsea*, yest py his Majefty's bon-house. Ven ve vas come dere, dere vas Mynheer *Vanslawken*, Mynheer *Vandyson*, and his vifes, and his wife's broders, and Mynheer *Hoofsnicken*, and his fauders and moders. So Mynheer *Vanslawken* he vas say to me, fair, I vil play vid you at de *Dutch* robbers for any monie. Zo away ve vas go at it, and vile he vas look over de val at de younk fauker woman's, as vas to go py—py got, fair, I vas tip all nine, four I push down mid de powl, and five mid doter hand :—Hey, fat de devils ish de matter know? Vat you tipp all nine? says Mynheer *Vanslawken*,—yes, fair, says I—I vas

K

tip

tip all nine:—by got that was not fair, says Mynheer *Vanlawken*—yes fair, says I, dat was very fair. —Vell, vell, says Mynheer *Vanlawken*, I cou'd not see, I had not eyes in mine aurse. Zo den he zay, he vou'd play anoder game along mid me. Zo I play anoder games—and anoder—and anoder,—by got I was beat him every one. Zo he said he vould play no more games, but vould go into de room behind de bar, and hafe a tankard of de shमित beers, and baper of de shमित tobacco. Zo in de mean vile my fauker woman's was in de bar, along mid de voman's of de hause, and madam *Vanlawken*. Zo de voman's of de hause, vas say to mine fauker voman's—madam, vil you please to come and shmit down by me. Zo mine fauker voman's vas shmit down by de voman's of de hause, and de voman's of de hause vas shmit down by mine fauker voman's. Zo de voman of de hause she say to madam *Vanlawken*, and mine fauker voman's, ladies, vill you hafe a trop of a trams. Zo by got, they drink five or six drams a piece, dey vas very soper voman's to be sure, Zo in de mean time Mynheer *Vanlawken* vas tumble into a great dispute, about vish vas de greatest man's, de Hon. Mr. *Pitt*, or the Hon. Mr. *Fox*. Zo I say Mr. *Pitt* vas a more greater man as he. Den Mynheer *Vanlawken* say, pshaw, pshaw, Mr. *Pitt* is no more as a foolish young voman's, dat vas made me mad as de devils. Zo I zay by got, he is no mor as foolish young boy, so you vas a liar for dat, den he vas come up to me, and give me a devilish dump of de eye. Zo den I go up to him, and gif him anoder dump. Zo den he came up to me and gift me a dump of de yeek, den I gife anoder dump of de yeek, away den we go to it, there was dump for dump, and plump
for

for plump, 'till Mynheer *Vanlawken* vas got me down on de floor. Zo I was lye down on de floor, vat must I do den. Mynheer was a great tall gros man's come fau, and I vas a little spare man's come fau. So by got a comical thought vas come into mine head, dat I would pite de *Dushman's* nose. Zo by got I turn about, and I pite his nose troo and troo.—Donder and Blackfen, says Mynheer, for vat is you pite a man's nose.—No fair, said I—I did not pite your nose. By got, says Mynheer, *Vanlawken*, you was a tamm'd lyar, if you say you vas not pite my nose. Zo I zay, indeed fair, I did not. Donder and Blackfen you lie you dief, only zee now yentlemens, how it vas hanging dingle-dangle, one way and de oder by a litel bit of skin.—Zo den all de yentlemens zay, it was a dammt shame dat one man should pite anoder man's nose.—Zo one yentleman vas come and gife me a dump, and anoder came and gife me a dump, by got dey gife me ten hundred thousand dumps, and kick me out of de company. Zo as I vas go down stairs, I zay murder! murder! Zo who should come up but an *Englismans*, as I vas know fery vell.—Zo I zay to him, come along mid me, here is Mynheer *Vanlawken* says hafe pite his nose.—O G—t d—m his plood, says de *Englismans*, tell him he pit his own nose his own self;—by Got I tought vas very comical, dat a man should pite his own nose: however I know de *Englismans* vas very good at de dumps, and de plumps, he vas bete nine or ten *Dushmans* presently; I vas run in, dere! dere! says I, Mynheer *Vanlawken*, you vas a blackguard, you vas a scoundrel and a diefsman, you say I vas pite your nose, by Got fair, you pite your own nose your ownselfes.—Got tam my plood yentlemens,

says Mynheer *Vanlawken*, here is a blackguard, here is a scoundrel !—Now yentlemens, I will be jug'd by ye, veder it is possible a mans can pite his own nose his own selves. Zo all de yentlemens zay no to be sure—But Mynheer *Hoofsnicken* a fery grave vise mans was shiting by de fire side, drinking his tankard of de smilht peer, and smoaking his pipe of de smoisht tobacco. Yentlemens says he, noding is impossible mid Got—if Got please a man may pite his own nose his own selves. —Zo den all de yentlemens vas fall aboard de great fat *Dushman*, and gife him ten hundred doufand dumps for pite his own nose his own self, and lay it upon anoder mans. But in de mean vile, who should come in but Mynheer *Katerfelto*, de comical *Ferman*, vid his black devils, by Got he was a comical mans, so comical, he make you skite your brogenbrooks, he vas come in, O yentlemen, yentlemen, says he, vat is de reason of de damt noise and botterations. Come, come, shhit down, says he, I vill gife you a pit of a Dutch song. —Zo den dey all call silence, for Mynheer *Katerfelto*'s song, and Mynheer *Katerfelto*, he was begin.

Yonk coop macarmus
 My moifnet hav'en con gelt,
 Eftfoon ye vel macarma scope ;
 Myre gelt is out o'mine sack alofe,
 Yonk coop macarmus,
 My moifnet hav'en con gelt.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE DUMB WIFE CURED.

THERE was a bonny blade, had marry'd a
country maid,
And safely conducted her home, home, home ;
She was neat in ev'ry part, she pleas'd him to the
heart,
But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the day and brisk as the May,
And as round and as plump as a plumb, plumb,
plumb ;
But still the filly fwain, could do nothing but com-
plain,
Because that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could brew and she could bake, she could sew
and she could make,
She could sweep clean the house with a broom,
broom, broom :
She could wash and she could wring, or do any kind
of thing,
But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the doctor then he went, for to give himself
content,
And to cure his wife of the mum, mum, mum ;
Oh ! 'tis the easiest part, that belongs unto my art,
To make a woman speak that is dumb, dumb,
dumb.

Then the doctor he did bring, and he cut her chattering string,

And at liberty set her tongue, tongue tongue ;
Oh ! her tongue began to walk, which made her loud to talk,

As tho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her faculty she tries, and she fill'd the house with noise,

And she rattled in his ears like a drum, drum, drum ;

She bred a deal of strife, made him weary of his life,
He'd give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the doctor then he goes, and thus he vents his woes,

Oh doctor 'tis all a hum, hum, hum :

For my wife is turn'd a scold, and her tongue she will not hold,

I'd give any kind of thing she were dumb, dumb, dumb.

When I did undertake to make thy wife to speak,

It was a thing that was easily done, done, done ;
But 'tis past the art of man, let him do whate'er he can,

To make a scolding wife hold her tongue, tongue, tongue.

S O N G.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

AT the sign of the horse, old Spintext of course,
Each night took his pipe and his pot,

O'er

O'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
Was plac'd this canonical sot.

Tol de rol, de rol titol ditol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
With reverence due, and submission ;
First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
And bowing, prefer'd his petition.

Tol de rol, &c.

I'm come, fir, says he, to beg, d'ye see,
Of your reverend worship and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be
And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

Tol de rol, &c.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry
Why lord, fir, the corpse it does stay !
You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then Moses, he smil'd, says, fir, a small child,
Cannot long delay your intentions ;
Why that's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small,
Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Tol de rol, &c.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye
hear,

I hate to be call'd from my liquor ;
Come, Moses, the King, 'tis a scandalous thing,
Such a subject should be but a Vicar.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then Moses he spoke, fir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
 Besides there's a terrible show'r :
 Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck
 twelve,
 I'm sure it can never strike more.

Tol de rol, &c.

Besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
 Which to say and to swear, I'll be bold,
 That the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger,
 that's plain,
 But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Tol de rol, &c.

Then Moses went on, fir, the clock has struck one !
 Pray master look up at the hand,
 Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
 A man for to go that can't stand.

Tol de rol, &c.

At length hat and cloak, old orthodox took,
 But first cram'd his jaw with a quid ;
 Each tips of a gill, for fear they should chill,
 And then stagger'd away side by side.

Tol de rol, &c.

When come to the grave, the clerk humm'd a stave,
 Whilst the surplice was wrapt round the priest,
 Whilst so droll was the figure, of Moses and Vicar,
 That the Parish still talk of the jest.

Tol de rol, &c.

Good people let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,
 Or perchance I shall over it stumble,
 'Tis best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
 A mortum caput can't tremble.

Tol de rol, &c.

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong, the leaf's
torn,

Oh! man that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flow'r,
You see, Moses,—death spareth no man!

Tol de rol, &c.

Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,
Such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in't;
That this *Strahan* should print for the crown.

Tol de rol, &c.

Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpse, in my stead,
(Amen, Amen.)

Why Moses you're wrong, pray hold still your
tongue,

You've taken the tail for the head.

Tol de rol, &c.

O where's thy sting death! put the corpse in the
earth,

For believe me, 'tis terrible weather :
So the corpse was interr'd without praying a word,
And away they both stagger'd together.

Tol de rol, &c.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY SAILOR.

A Jolly Jack Tar, but a little while since,
As drunk as a beggar, as bold as a prince;
K 5 Fell

Fell foul of an alehouse, and thought it a sin,
To pass without calling, so went roaring in.

Derry down, &c.

He scarce had set down, when the landlord came by,
With pudding and beef which attracted his eye;
From the mast-head a sail,—Jack leapt from his
place,

And grasping his cudgel, gave orders for chase.

Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together ten Frenchmen were met,
Resolving Soup-meagre and Frogs to forget;
Convinc'd of their error, they'd order'd a feast,
To be dress'd and serv'd up in the true English-taste.

Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord, Jack quickly appears,
And made the room echo with three British cheers;
Then sat himself down, without any debate,
And whip'd his old quid on his next neighbour's
plate.

Derry down, &c.

No sooner was Jack thus possess'd of a place,
Than thinking it needless to wait for the grace,
In spite of their whispers, the stout English thief,
First grappled the pudding, then boarded the beef.

Derry down, &c.

Now nothing could equal the Frenchmens surprise,
They shrunk up their shoulders, and star'd with their
eyes,

From one went a hah! to another a hem!
They look'd at their landlord, their landlord at them.

Derry down, &c.

One more bold than the rest, by his brethren's advice,
 Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice,
 But Jack cut his fingers, and gave him a check ;
 Crying down with your arms, or I'll soon clear the
 deck.

Derry down, &c.

At length to revenge all the Frenchmen unite,
 Each seiz'd on his knife, and prepar'd for a fight ;
 Of quarters, says Jack, I would not have you think ;
 So strike you soup-bibbers, strike, strike, or you sink.

Derry down. &c.

The landlord beholding, approach'd from afar,
 And, sneaking behind, seiz'd the hands of the tar ;
 I've got him, says he, but he scarce could say more,
 'Ere he found his dull pate where his heels were
 before.

Derry down, &c.

Then frowning, Jack flourish'd his trusty old stick,
 And lay on his broadsides so fast and so thick :—
 He so well play'd his part in a minute, that four
 Lay sprawling along with their host on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The rest being dismay'd at their countrymens fate,
 Each fearing Jack's stick would alight on his pate,
 Soon yielded him victor and lord of the main,
 With humble entreaty to bury their slain.

Derry down, &c.

'To which he consented, but order'd that they
 For the beef, and the pudding, and porter should pay;
 So saying, he stagger'd away to his wench,
 Still whooping and crying, down, down with the
 French.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

THE WONDERFUL OLD MAN.

THERE was an old man, and though it's not
 common,
 Yet if he said true, he was born of a woman;
 And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told,
 He was once a mere infant, but age made him old,
 Age made him old, age made him old,
 He was once a meer infant, but age made him old.

When'er he was hungry he long'd for some meat,
 And if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat;
 When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
 And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom, or never, could see without light,
 And yet I've been told he could hear in the night;
 He has oft been awake in the day-time 'tis said
 And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
 talk'd,
 And he stir'd both his arms and his legs when he
 walk'd; And

And his gait was so odd, had you seen him, you'd
burst,
For one leg or t'other would always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
For if 'twas not wash'd it was seldom quite clean ;
He shew'd most his teeth when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his
chin.

When this whimsical chap had a river to pass,
If he cou'd not get o'er, he would stay where he was;
'Tis said he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
Yet so great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Among other strange things that befel this good
yeoman,
He was married, poor soul, and his wife was a woman.
And unless by that liar, miss Fame, we're beguild,
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks said, he was not very well.
But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, he cou'd get no physician.

What wonder he died, yet, 'tis said, that his death
Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath :
But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE WONDERFUL OLD WOMAN.

Being an Answer to the Wonderful Old Man.

SINCE a wonderful Man I find is quite common,
 A wonderful tale I'll relate of a Woman;
 When a child, she was counted an infant, 'tis hinted,
 And was always best pleas'd, when she seem'd most
 contented.

Her form was most strange, for, as it is told us,
 She was born with a head that was plac'd on her
 shoulders;
 She could see with her eyes, with her tongue she
 could talk,
 And her legs always mov'd when she happen'd to
 walk.

When she found herself cold, she would often desire,
 (So cunning was she) to be plac'd by the fire;
 If she found it too hot (it is true what I say)
 So great was her sense, she would move quite away.

Old maxims she had a great store in her mind,
 And knew when she went first, she was never behind;
 It is odd you will say, but 'twas certainly so,
 Nothing troubled her mind but misfortunes and woe.

In the morning, she always got up when she rose,
 Nor ever look'd naked, when cover'd with cloaths!
 She'd an arm to each leg, and, strange to relate,
 She had fingers and toes to her hands and her feet.

Having

Having pass'd through this life in a manner un-
common,

When dead she was silent, altho' an old woman !

But the strangest event happen'd after her death,
To the grave she was carry'd, and quite out of breath.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

THE SAILOR'S DELIGHT.

C O M E bustle, bustle, drink about,
And let us merry be,
Our cann is full, we'll pump it out,
And then all hands to sea :

And a sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught,
The minuet to tread,
But we go better when we've brought
The fore-tack to cat-head.

The Jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
And swiftly rides the race,
But swifter far we shape our course,
When we are giving chase.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
His pack the huntsman cheers ;
As loud we hollow when we send
A broadside to Monfieurs.

The What's their names, at uproar squall,
With music fine and soft,

But

But better sound's our boatswain's call,
All hands, all hands aloft.

With gold and silver streamers fine
The ladies rigging shew,
But English ships much grander shine,
When prizes home we tow.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
With sweethearts or our wives;
And then, my boys, hoist sail for more,
Thus pass the sailors lives.

THE TAYLOR AND SEMPSTRESS.

Simile Simili gaudet.

A Taylor there was, and he liv'd in a garret.
Who ne'er in his days tasted champagne or
claret;

With high soups, or ragouts, he never was fed;
But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.

Derry down, &c.

His work he pursu'd without any repining,
When blest'd with a pint of *three threads* for his
lining;

'Till Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,
With a Sempstres's *bodkin* destroy'd his *quietus*.

Derry down, &c.

No longer a *birth-night* affords any pleasure,
His *patterns* lie scatter'd, in tatters his *measure*;
His *bills* he contrives not with *items* to swell;
Silk, twist, tape, and buckram, he damns them to
hell.

Derry down, &c.

Cupid, pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,
 And help'd him to *fine draw* the hole he had made ;
 And bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute,
 Whoe'er finish'd without first beginning a *suit* ?

Derry down, &c.

He visits the Sempstresses with aukward address,
 Protests on her kindness *hung* his happiness ;
 But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and wheedle,
 For she, lack a day, was as sharp as a *needle*.

Derry down, &c.

He told her on hon'able terms he was come,
 And beg'd he might soon be inform'd of his doom ;
 Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
 The Fate's *shears* would soon cut off his *remnant* of
 life.

Derry Down, &c.

Do you think, cry'd the Sempstresses, I'll take for a
 spouse

One whom no one esteems *three skips* of a louse ?

Advance in your favour whatever you can,

A taylor is but the ninth part of a man.

Derry down, &c.

The taylor proceeded with lying, entreating,
 And making such speeches which scarce bear re-
 peating ;

A woman unmarried was useless he said,

Was just like a needle *without any thread*.

Derry down, &c.

When the priest should have tack'd them together
 he cry'd,

For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide ;

Tho

'Tho' to turkies and capons he could not aspire,
She might always be sure of a goose at the fire.

Derry down, &c.

As she work'd he commended her fingers so nimble,
And swore that her eyes were more bright than her
thimble;

'Tho' small was his wit he so acted his part,
That (I know not how 'twas) he *cabbag'd* her heart,

Derry down, &c.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went,
Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent;
None but death could the conjugal knot have un-
ty'd;

For *cross-legg'd* together they sat 'till they dy'd.

Derry Down, &c.

S O N G.

POOR PUFF.

Tune—*A Cobbler there was.*

A Lively young barber, an amorous spark,
Miss Stichwell, by moon-light, once met in
the Park,

Between whom *tete-a-tete* soon did begin,
Young Puff much desiring to stick his *pole* in
Her down, down, down, derry down.

Her eyes he first swore like *sharp razors* had shorn
His heart of its ease, which had made him forlorn,

But

But thus she made answer, oh fie, Johnny, fie,
Your *pole*, I protest, you shall ne'er stick in my—
Derry down, &c.

He then swore like *soap in hot water* he dwindled,
For love had within his poor breast a flame kindled;
He ne'er could be happy unless he could win her
To let him *beat up nature's lather* within her.
Derry down, &c.

With smiling, and smirking, and wantonly leering,
Said she, you young men are quite full of your
jeering,
With tongues smooth as *bones*, too, you'll flatter
and lie,
Thro' talking, tho' none shall *beat suds up* in my—
Derry down, &c.

Soon taking the hint, to a bench he strait led her,
Where he with her *linen* then partly o'erspread her,
And soon Mr. Puff, to end well this odd matter,
Pull'd out his *machine*, and in haste let fly at her.
Derry down, &c.

She endur'd it with ease, tho' it made him the *puffer*,
And say, he ne'er *lather'd a beard* that was tougher;
Yet as it had turn'd his *tool's edge*, she once more
Desir'd he would *set* it, and then *lather* o'er—
Her down, down, &c.

T'effect which his *soap-balls* she squeez'd, but in
vain,
He could not make *suds* in her *basin* again,
Which made her exclaim, to poor Puff's great dis-
honour,—
A *black-head* of wood might as well lie upon her.
Derry down, &c.

Says she, such a trimmer as you I ne'er felt,
 Your roll of pomatum so quickly does melt,
 Your cistern soon drain'd too, and cock therefore
 useless,—

A weaving-frame I might as well have that's juice-
 less.

In my down, down, &c.

S O N G.

ROGER AND JOAN.

'T WAS cold, and young Roger had leave
 from the 'squire,

To cleave some dry wood to recruit his wife's fire;
 When at ev'ry blow from his stomach there broke
 A hem, or a hah, near as loud as the stroke.

Derry down, &c.

His wife standing by, and demanding the reason,
 Quoth Hodge, these emissions in labouring ease one,
 For while voice and members at once thus em-
 ploy'd are,

I drive the wedge farther, and make the slit wider.

Derry down, &c.

Attentive Joan heard, and was silent 'till night,
 When Roger performing the conjugal right,
 In the midst of the rapturous amorous game,
 She pinch'd him and pull'd him, and bid him cry
 hem;

Derry down, &c.

Hodge knew what she meant, but unable to give
 A comfort so long as his wife could receive ;
 He cry'd, my dear jewel I can no more hem in,
 There' odds you know between cleaving and boring.
Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

BRITONS RULE THE WAVES.

WHEN Britain first, at heav'ns command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain ;
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
 Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
 free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend the down,
 All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe, and thy renown.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities, &c.
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Shall, &c.
 Bless'd Isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 For Britons never shall be slaves.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

EVERY ONE'S LIKING.

WHEN kind friends expect a song,
 Something new and striking :
 Surely he can ne'er be wrong,
 Who gives each his liking.

Patriots

Patriots like to get a place,
 The courtiers theirs to keep;
 Country 'squires to drink and chafe,
 And cits to eat and sleep.

Parsons like a Bishopric,
 Gamblers like to bubble;
 Doctors like to see friends sick,
 Lawyers theirs in trouble.

Soldiers like both peace and pay,
 When fighting is no more;
 Sailors like a road to stray,
 For gold to wash ashore.

Ruddy bullies like to bluster,
 Pale beaux to seem polite;
 Train-band Captains like a muster,
 But neither like to fight.

Ladies like—a thousand things,
 But yet it were not well;
 He who for his pleasure sings,
 Should all their likings tell.

S O N G.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
 Laugh and worldly care despise;
 Sorrow ne'er can bring relief,
 Joy from drinking may arise.

Why should we with wrinkled care,
 Change what nature made so fair?
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
 Some to riches do aspire,
 Give me freedom, give me health,
 There's the sum of my desire;
 What the world can more present,
 Will not add to my content:
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
 Peace of mind is always best.

Busy brains we know, alas;
 With imaginations run,
 Like the sand in the hour glass,
 Turn'd, and turn'd, and still runs on;
 Never knowing where to stay,
 But uneasy ev'ry way:
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
 Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
 Makes the heart alert and free,
 Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
 Still the same thing 'tis to me.
 There's no fence against our fate,
 Changes on us daily wait.
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest,
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

SONG.

S O N G,

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
 Shade,
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
 A chrystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose :
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumbling to the neighb'ring grove :
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went for want of thought :
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd—he stared ! her lovely form survey'd ;
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue.

A I R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene :
 But in thy bosom charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigenia!

L

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and starts—poor Cymon trembling stands,
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands :
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear,
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half rais'd, with gentle accent she replies,
 Oh, Cymon ! if 'tis you, I need not rise ;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain ;
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with ecstasy pursu'd his song :

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
 In wanton ringlets down thy neck ;
 Thy love-inspiring mein ;
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, inchant me so,
 I die for Iphigenia.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence,
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense ;
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and strait,
 And thinks he might improve his aukward gait ;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour to meet his faithful friend.
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead :
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire;
 Love can rage itself controll,
 And elevate, and elevate the human soul:
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state,
 Had made our lives of too long date:
 But blest with beauty and with love.
 We taste what angels do above, &c.

S O N G.

ARABELLA, OR THE SISTERS.

YOUNG Arrabella, mamma's care,
 And ripe to be a bride,
 Had charms a monarch might ensnare,
 But beauty mix'd with pride;
 Had charms a monarch might ensnare,
 But beauty mix'd with pride.

But still to blast that happiness,
 Her pride each lover cool'd,
 The number of her slaves was less,
 And less the tyrant rul'd,
 And less the tyrant rul'd.

Her sister Charlotte, tho' not blest'd
 With beauty's potent spell,
 The virtues of the mind possess,
 And bore away the bell;

Knights, earls, and dukes, like summer flies,
 Around the maiden flew,
 They press'd to tell ten thousand lies,
 As men are apt to do.

Poor Arrabella, vex'd to find,
 Her sister made a wife;
 Pretends to rail at all mankind,
 And praise a single life.

Fond Celadon address the fair,
 Resolv'd no time to lose,
 A youth with such a shape and air,
 What female cou'd refuse.
 Like all the rest he own'd his flame,
 His artless flame alone,
 The blushing maid confess the same,
 The priest soon made them one.

Ye virgins Charlotte's plan pursue,
 Shun Arrabella's fate;
 Accept the man that's worthy you,
 Before it is too late.

S O N G.

LIVE AND LOVE.

COME thou rosy dimpled boy,
 Source of every heart-felt joy;
 Leave the blissful bow'rs awhile,
 Paphos, and the Cyprian isle;
 Visit Britain's rocky shore,
 Britons, too, thy pow'r adore;

Britons,

Britons, hardy, bold, and and free,
Own thy laws, and yield to thee:
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Come, thou rosy dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
This is thine and Hymen's day;
Bid her thy soft bandage wear,
Bid her for love's rites prepare;
Let the nymphs, with many a flow'r,
Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r,
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen, too, be there:
This is thine and Hymen's day,
Haste to Sylvia, haste away..

Only while we love we live,
Love alone can pleasure give;
Pow'r, and pomp, and tinsel state,
Idle pageants of the great;
Crowns and sceptres, envy'd things,
And the pride of eastern Kings,
Are but childish, empty toys,
When compar'd to love's sweet joys,
Love alone can pleasure give;
Only while we love we live.

S O N G.

THE ADIEU.

FAREWEL to the meads and the fields,
Where late so delighted I rov'd,

L 3

Farewel

Farewel ev'ry sweet, nature yields,
I've lost the dear charmer I lov'd!

Farewel the delights of the spring,
In beauty and health ever new;
No more in your praise shall I sing,
For Strephon thus bids you adieu!

For ever farewel to the shade,
Where to Delia I tender'd my love;
For ever farewel to the glade,
Where she did my passion approve.

Farewel to the hill and the dale,
To the grot, and each pastoral view,
Your charms can no longer prevail,
And Strephon thus bids you adieu!

No more in the morning so gay,
Shall Strephon trip over the lawn,
No more sing his carols to May,
Or rejoice in th' approach of the dawn.

For Delia alas! is no more,
My Delia so constant and true,
Her loss I shall ever deplore,—
For ever, for ever, adieu!

S O N G.

BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?

Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows too and fro,
Soon as her well known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The rope slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high-poised in air
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her nest—
The noblest captains in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoever I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn :
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return :
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay on board ;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head :
Her leav'ning boat unwilling rows to land :
Adieu ! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain ?
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great ?
Why look with insolent disdain,
On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?
Can costly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair :
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
The humble, and the haughty die ;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction lye.

Go

Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Whò once the greatest titles wore,
 Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
 And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 When shot—'tis gone; its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again:
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,—
 Let friendship reign, while here we stay:
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls;
 When Jove commands we must obey.

S O N G.

THE FOX CHASE.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing
 dawn,
 The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
 Loud sings the black-bird thro' resounding groves,
 And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

A I R.

Away, to the copse lead away;
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds:
 I'll warrant he shews us some play;
 See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.

Then spur your brisk coursers and smoke 'em, my
bloods:

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn:
What concert is equal to those of the woods,
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn?

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find;
So he breaks it, and scours amain,
And leaves us a distance behind.

O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we scorn;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die;
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
His speed can no longer avail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

S O N G.

MELTON OYSTERS.

THERE was a clever, likely lass,
Just come to town from Glo'ster;
And she did get her livelihood
By crying Melton Oysters.

She bore her basket on her head
In the genteelest posture;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry night,
She cry'd her Melton Oysters.

It

It happen'd on a certain day,
 As going through the cloisters,
 She met a Lord so fine and gay,
 Would buy her Melton Oysters.

He said "Young damsel go with me,
 "Indeed I'm no impostor ;"
 But she kept bawling in his ears,
 Come buy my Melton Oysters.

At length resolv'd with him to go,
 Whatever it might cost her,
 And be no more oblig'd to cry,
 Come buy my Melton Oysters.

And now she is a lady gay,
 For Billingsgate has lost her ;
 She goes to masquerade and play,
 No more cries Melton Oysters !

S O N G.

THE UNION OF LOVE AND WINE.

WITH woman and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air ;
 For life without these, &c.
 Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enliven my soul ;
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them ;

I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have
 mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love :
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
 the vine.

Then come my dear charmer, thou nymph half di-
 vine,
 First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with
 wine ;
 Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love ;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my las, ,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass.

S O N G.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate in a fair country town ;
 May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
 May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears
 away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
 With the ocean at distance on which I may look;
 With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and one or ~~two~~ more
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before;
 With a dish of roast mutton, not ven'ison, nor teal,
 And clean, tho' coarse linen at every meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, with stout humming
 liquor,
 And a remnant of Latin to puzzle the vicar;
 With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,
 To drink the King's health as oft as we dine.

May I govern, &c.

With courage undaunted may I face my last day;
 And when I am dead may the better fort say,
 In the morning when sober, in the ev'ning when
 mellow,

He's gone, and han't left behind him his fellow:
 For he govern'd his passions with an absolute
 sway,
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore
 away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

S O N G.

THE HUMOURS OF COVENT-GARDEN.

OLD bards have sung, how we could boast
 Of places much renowned,
 For bloody battles won and lost,
 And royal monarchs crowned :
 But all those deeds this age exceeds,
 They are not worth regarding,
 Some have declar'd when once compar'd,
 With famous Covent-Garden.

First, here's a church, fam'd Jones has built,
 For people to be good in ;
 Where sermons, you may hear, are fill'd
 With reasons like a pudding :
 Though in his clack, the man in black,
 Is sometimes mighty clever ;
 Yet I've been told, both young and old,
 Return as wise as ever.

And not far off, great Shakespeare's shade
 His court is always keeping,
 Where Comedy is laughing made,
 And Tragedy is weeping.
 Here Romeo sighs, and Hamlet dies,
 And brave Othello's undone ;
 To please the folks here's Jack Quick's jokes,
 Or else the cries of London.

The Bedford next, my muse has found,
 A fight that's worth your taking,
 Where Hobster cries, with pleasing sound,
 "Fresh coffee, fir, is making."
 Here buskin'd beaus, in rich lac'd cloaths,
 Like lord's and 'squires bluster ;
 Bards, quacks, and cits, knaves, fools, and wits,
 An odd surprizing cluster.

Now further let us steer our course,
 The Auction-room invites us ;
 Where Skinner talks 'till he grows hoarse
 And gapes as if he'd bite us,
 " Lot, number one, 'tis finely done,
 " The head of Card'nal Fleury ;
 " Guineas, a score, I ask no more,
 " 'Tis worth it i'll assure you."

Round Hunter's door young surgeons stand,
 Like crows, for carrion waiting ;
 Within behold the butch'ring band,
 On blood and bones debating.
 The doctor thus you hear discuss,
 " A larger vein here seen is,
 " Which, from the root begins to shoot,
 " And runs quite through the penis."

Here Venus' sons, more nice than wise,
 To Douglass's retire ;
 Who, often from Love's banquet rise,
 As sparks ascend from fire :
 Here Justice too, appears in view,
 With bandage o'er her peepers,
 And sword held out, both long and stout,
 To guard the Brothel-keepers.

Here's

Here's bullies, gamb'lers, bawds, and whores,
 Who daily do ensnare men ;
 Thief-takers, vintners, pimps by scores,
 With Welch and Irish chairmen :
 And trav'lers, who the world go through,
 Have given attestation,
 So strange a place you cannot trace,
 In any other nation.

S O N G.

MODERATION AND ALTERATION.

HERE's an old song made by an ancient pate,
 Of a worthy old gentleman who had a good
 estate ;

And kept a very plentiful house at a very plentiful
 rate,

With a good old porter to relieve the poor at his
 gate.

Moderation, moderation, O wonderful moderation !

With a good lady, whose anger a good word af-
 fuages,

Who never knew what belong'd to coachmen, foot-
 men, or pages ;

But every quarter paid her old servants their wages,
 And kept twenty or thirty old men in blue coats
 and badges.

Moderation, &c.

With an old library fill'd full of learned old books,
 And a rev'rend old chaplain, you might know him
 by his looks, An

An old butchery-hatch worn off the old hooks,
And a good old kitchen that maintains half a dozen
good cooks.

Moderation, &c.

With an old hall hung round with guns, pikes, and
bows,
And old swords and bucklers, which had born many
hard blows,
An old frieze coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of good old cherry to comfort his copper
nose.

Moderation, &c.

With a good old custom when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;
And have good cheer enough in every old room,
And liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a wise
man dumb.

Moderation, &c.

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a pack of
hounds,
With which he ne'er hunted but on his own
grounds;
For he like a wise man kept himself within bounds,
And when he dy'd left each child a good old thou-
sand pounds.

Moderation, &c.

Then to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to be of the same bounti-
ful mind;
But in the end you shall hear how he was inclin'd,
And left his good old father's precepts behind.

Alteration, &c.

Like a young gallant who had just taken possession
of his land,

He took up a thousand pounds upon his own bond ;
Kept a brace or two of creatures at his own com-
mand ;

And drinking at taverns 'till he could neither sit or
stand.

Alteration, &c.

With a new lady who was fresh and fair,
And never knew what belonged to house keeping, or
care ;

Who kept a dozen or two of fans to play the wan-
ton air,

And half a dozen dresses made of horses manes and
cow-tail hair.

Alteration, &c.

With a new library stufft full of pamphlets and
plays,

And a new-fashion'd sort of a chaplain that swears
faster than he prays ;

Also a new buttery-hatch that opens but once in
five or six days,

And a large kitchen stor'd with nothing but kick-
shaws and toys.

Alteration, &c.

With a new hall built just where the old one stood,
In which was never seen fire, either of turf, coal or
wood ;

It was hung round with pictures which did the poor
little good,

The subjects whereof were all profane and lew'd.

Alteration, &c.

With a new fashion when Christmas is come,
 In a post-chaise for London we must be gone,
 And leave nobody at home but our new porter,
 John,
 Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back
 with a stone.

Alteration, &c.

With a new valet, his person to adorn,
 In order to attend my Lord's levee in the morn;
 In horse-racing, gaming, masquerades and plays,
 The young gallant consumes health, wealth, and
 days.

Alteration, &c.

New titles are bought with his father's old gold,
 For which many of his father's good old manors
 were sold,
 Which is the reason most men do hold,
 That open house-keeping is now a-days grown so
 very cold.

Alteration, alteration, O! wonderful alteration.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

FROM ploughing the ocean and thrashing
 Monfieur,
 In Old England we're landed once more;
 Your hands, my brave shipmates, halloo boys, what
 cheer,
 For a sailor that's just come on shore!

Those

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us, no
doubt,

And to cut us and slash us—marblieu !
But hold there, avast ! they were plaguely out,
We have slic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence
know,

Yon invaders shall soon do you right ;
The Lyon may rouse when he hears the cock crow,
But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,
Your d——d party and idle contest ;
And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
Who shall fight for his country the best.

A sea-faring spark, if the maids can affect,
Bids the simpering gypsies look to't ;
Sound bottoms they'll find us in every respect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,
Have more art to persuade, and the like ;
But 'ware those fair colours, for better for worse,
Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king, may he prosperous reign,
Of no power, no faction afraid ;
May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,
At all points of the compass display'd.

No quicksands endanger, no storm overwhelm ;
Steady, steady and safe may she sail ;
No ignorant pilot e'er sit at the helm,
Or her anchor of liberty fail.

THE FOUR NATIONS.

IN vain do poets strive to sing
 The hero, patriot, and king,
 That bleis Great Britain's isle;
 The tasks too great for any one,
 Except a Homer, or Milton;
 All, want both words and style.

Englishman.

Hark! how the drum and trumpets sound,
 While Englishmen are bravely crown'd
 With laurels every where;
 See, meager, frightened, Frenchmen run,
 From thund'ring, roaring, English gun,
 'To shun death and despair.

See, crowds of volunteers, each day,
 Who sing, to Granby haste away,
 Our honor to maintain;
 Convince Monfieurs that we are free,
 In church, in state, in liberty;—
 Lords of the land and main.

But who comes here that wears the leek?
 Methinks a welchman, let hur speak:
 Old Briton what d'ye say?

Welchman.

Why, hur name 'it is Taffy, and look ye here now,
 Hur's left her own wife, hur own son, and hur cow;
 And

And hur wish hur may never go home to her house,
 'Till hur makes the French dogs shit so small as a
 mouse.

For a welchman can ne'er live at home at hur ease,
 While Frenchmen do rob hur of hur putter and
 cheese ;

For Shenkin ap Morgan, and David ap Shones,
 Were never yet fearful of preaking their pones.
 Yes, Taffy will fight, cotsputter a-nails,
 For hur King, and hur Queen, and hur own Prince
 of Wales ;

And Sawney will help hur, whose heart will ne'er
 fail,

To fight with a proad sword so long as a flail.

Scotchman.

Breethers what are ye about ?
 Wha' the deel make aw this rout ?
 O'er the seas, and o'er the lands,
 Cheer up my lads, give me your hands :
 In me you fall a brother find,
 De'el dam me an' I stay behind ;
 My braid sword fall gie them law,
 O'er the hills and far awa'.

When we meet Frenchmen face to face
 They rin awa', we gie them chace ;
 Wha' pursue them like the lads
 That wear the bonnets, swords and plaids ?
 Fou' or empty, drunk or dry ;
 O'er vallies low, or mountains high ;
 In summer's heat, in frost or snaw,
 We always gar them rin awa'.

Then

Then gie's a cogue and let us sing
Our foldiers, sailors and our king.—

Irishman.

And Teague bears a chorus, who never did fail
To fight for Old England—sing Grannywale!

Musba tol de rol, lol lol de rol, lorrol lol la.

Whack tal de ral, &c.

Agas fal de rol, &c.

Besides farrel lol lol, &c.

King George wears my harp, and the crown on his
shield;

I'm the first in the battle, the last in the field;

And Frenchmen swear nothing can fright a brigade,
So much as the face of a true honest Teague.

Musba tal de rol, &c.

I value no Sackville, no shitsack, or louse,
Who strove to break open my mothers old house;
For Minden has prov'd him a rogue to his face;
Makaak mal a malak is now in disgrace.

Musba tal de rol, &c.

Then give's a drink, and let's join all four
To lick the French King for a son of a whore;
We'll make him cry out *Marbleau*, to his shame,
Or *Whil-lil-alow*, and that's all the same.

Musba tal de rol, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A favorite Rondeau.

NOW we mighty men of London,
 Crowd around the festive board;
 All our coats and waistcoats undone,
 To receive the sumptuous hoard.
 Now the napkin to the chin is
 Tuck'd with more than wonted glee:
 Nor can Bankers count their guineas,
 Faster than our mouths fill we.

Chorus—*Now we mighty men, &c.*

When three pounds are fairly swallow'd
 By each, more than greedy paunch;
 Still the venison's name is hallow'd,
 Still we doat upon the haunch.
 Now the dainty slice of fat, is
 Put upon the load of lean;
 While the waiters wonder what 'tis
 That such mighty eaters mean.

Now we, &c.

Now the pies and custards tempt us,
 Now the codling tarts, and cream;
 Nor shall night itself exempt us,
 For of eating still we dream.
 Haply, he that lives the week out,
 May his eating plan renew;
 And another year may seek out
 Proofs that what we write is true.

Now we, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE COMICAL PARSON.

GIVE ear and a comical story I'll tell,
 'Tis of an old doctor you know very well;
 Who, tho' grave as a saint, got as drunk as all hell:
Tol de rol, &c.

It was on a Sunday, as all have agreed,
 For the doctor he held it a part of his creed,
 That the better the day, the better the deed.
Tol de rol, &c.

He sat, and he drank, and he toasted old Cripsey,
 But he never suspected he e'er should grow tipsey,
 He bung'd *cum seipso* 'till he was not *seipse*.
Tol de rol, &c.

And when he had gotten as drunk as ten bears,
 He put on his surplice, and stagger'd down stairs;
 Tho' not able to speak, yet resolv'd to read pray'rs.
Tol de rol, &c.

To the desk then he came, and bow'd low on each
 side,
 I will rise and will go to my father, he cry'd;
 But stumbled and prov'd that he damnably lied.
Tol de rol, &c.

To the Psalms then he got, but would not know how,
 He spew'd on King *David*, and likely I trow,
 For he was as drunk as was *David's* old sow.
Tol de rol, &c.

M

To

To the Collects he got then, with much hesitation,
While the audience all were in great expectation,
Instead of a prayer came an ejaculation.

Tol de rol, &c.

And now with respect to the gown and the band,
How bravely must flourish the church of this land,
Supported by pillars not able to stand!

Tol de rol, &c.

S O N G.

CAPTAIN AND MISS.

AS a certain young Captain, in scarlet array,
Was faunt'ring along the cool meadow one
day;

He met a young damsel all cloathed in green,
Like Venus in beauty, like Pallas in mien.

Derry down, &c.

Our hero, whom story says, took more delight
To thrust with a lady, than thrust in a fight,
Was struck with her figure, as he had struck her,
So 'twas servant sweet maiden, and servant sweet fir.

Derry down, &c.

When passions grow mutual, love's sure of success;
The youth whisper'd something, but what you may
guess;

And the nymf, for they'll sometimes be prudish you
know,

Agreed not, deny'd not, but answer'd—high—ho!

Derry down, &c.

A grove was adjoining, this couple went there,
 But what follow'd after I need not declare ;
 The fair was so pleas'd that her tongue was quite
 mute,
 And the Captain, they say, made a pretty salute.
Derry down, &c.

The sport being o'er, she cried, kiss again,—come
 I'll follow my dear by the sound of the drum :
 I'll range the world o'er for such pleasure as this ;
 So here's a good health to the Captain and Miss.
Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

THE BEGGARS.

I Once was a poet at *London*,
 I kept my heart still full of glee ;
 There's no man can say that I'm undone,
 For begging's no new trade to me.
Tol de rol, &c.

I once was an attorney at law,
 And after a knight of the post ;
 Give me a brisk wench in clean straw,
 And I value not who rules the roast.
Tol de rol, &c.

Make room for a soldier in buff,
 Who valiantly strutted about ;
 'Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
 And then he most wisely—sold out.
M 2 Tol de rol, &c.

Here comes a courtier polite, fir,
 Who flatter'd my lord to his face;
 Now railing is all my delight, fir,
 Because he miss'd getting a place.

Tol de rol, &c.

I fill am a merry gut-scraper,
 My heart never yet felt a qualm;
 Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
 And sing any tune but a psalm.

Tol de rol, &c.

I was a fanatical preacher,
 I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd;
 But my hearers had half starv'd their teacher,
 For they believ'd not a word that I said.

Tol de rol, &c.

Whoe'er would be merry and free,
 Let him list, and from us he may learn;
 In palaces who shall you see
 Half so happy as we in a barn.

Tol de rol, &c.

S O N G.

THE FAIRING.

AS Roger the ploughman a lusty young swain,
 Was wistling and trudging it over the plain;
 He met black ey'd Susan, whose dull maidenhead,
 Long had tir'd her more than the pail on her head.

Dearest

Dearest Susan, said he, well met, in good time,
 I've a favor to ask, if it is not a crime;
 Will you go, pretty maiden, with me to the fair,
 And I'll give you a fairing to stick in your hair.

The damsel reply'd, as she struggled to go,
 I ne'er grant men favors, I'd have you to know;
 To teize me and follow me, no longer dare,
 I want none of your fairings to stick in my hair.

But Roger with kisses so well play'd his part,
 He soon found the method to soften her heart;
 Grown kinder, she blush'd and cry'd, last night I
 swear,
 I dreamt of a fairing to stick in my hair.

The lovers walk'd on 'till they came to a grove,
 Where no one could see but the arch god of love;
 He laid her down gently, she was not aware
 Of the fairing he gave her that stuck in her hair.

Ye lasses of Britain who figh and look wan.
 And pine all your life-time in secret for man.
 While frolic and free and good natur'd you are,
 You'll ne'er want for fairings to stick in your hair.

S O N G.

FATHER CARE.

AS Wit, Joke, and Humour, together were fat,
 With liquor a plentiful stock,
 M 3 Still

Still varying the scene, with song and with chat,
The watchman bawl'd, "Past twelve o'clock.

At that hour, I've read, oft spirits do come,
And poor timid mortals affright ;
Just then, in that instant, one enter'd the room,
An ancient, pale fac'd meagre sprite.

The phantom appear'd, and the candles burnt blue,
Wit and Humour began then to stare :
Cries out Joke, — Look'e, friends, this is nothing
new,
Behold !—see 'tis only old Care.

I knew he would tell us, 'twas time sent him here,
And tell us 'twas time to be gone ;
But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare,
We'll finish him e're it be one.

They quickly agreed, and about it they went,
Resolving of Care to get free ;
Wit mov'd it—and strait they all join'd in consent,
To lay the ghost in the red sea.

Whole bumpers of claret they quickly drank off,
And favourite toasts they went round ;
When Humour, well pleas'd, thus set up a laugh,
Quoth he how Care looks now he's drown'd.

When loud shouting began, huzza ! they all cry'd,
We're rid of this troublesome guest ;
Fill your bumper around, let this be your pride,
To sing, laugh, and drink to the best.

Now

Now their blood running high at a conquest so great,
 To singing and drinking they fix;
 With the sun they arose, with spirits elate,
 And decently parted at six.

S O N G.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

THE priest of the parish rode his garene bawn,
 And married young Phelim to his dear
 Shevan;

There was Padrig and Dermot, and ten score beside,
 With long flails and pitchforks to wait on the
 bride:

Chorus—*You're welcome heartily, welcome Gramacree,
 Welcome all of you, aye by my troth.*

There was Ellen and Roseen, and dear Shelah Wee,
 O hone! 'pon my soul she's the *cushlea ma cree*,
 There was patties and ratties in long legged pan,
 Sat boiling on Bohroans as fast as they can.

And you're welcome, &c.

There was tuff maddhy brishea like gads I may say,
 And dipt rushes platted burnt brighter than day,
 Rare victuals in platters were set in a row,
 And neat wooden trenchers far whiter than snow.

And you're welcome, &c.

There was young cail and nettles mix'd with praf-
 faugh-wee,
 Made the rarest call cannon that e'er you did see;

There was maskans of butter laid on not struans,
And good Iskea-baha serv'd up in quahaans.

And you're welcome, &c.

Take away the dishes and platters Shaneen.
Drink a health to the bride Shudurth a voorneen,
Then the pipers struck up, we danc'd all in a ring,
Each maiden a queen, and each man was a king.

And you're welcome, &c.

When we fell a dancing each man gave a pogue,
To his sweet-heart that smack'd like the dab of a
progue ;

We danc'd 'till we sweated, our butts they did smoak,
So strong, the poor piper had lik'd to be choak'd.

And you're welcome, &c.

When the bride and the bridegroom they pull'd off
their hose,

No person could stand for the smell of their toes,
When the bride and bridegroom were put into bed,
She pull'd off her shift to put under her head.

And you're welcome, &c.

We kiss'd and we parted, each man took his leave,
The poor tir'd bridegroom look'd wonderful grave,
So we all returned home contented and gay,
To our ploughs and our milk-pails 'till next holiday.

*You are welcome all of you, welcome heartily,
Welcome Gramacree, aye by my troth.*

SONG.

S O N G.

PHELM'S RESOLUTION.

SAYS Phelim in Ireland no longer I'll stay,
 I've got so much money my debts I can't pay,
 I will go to England and pass for a Lord,
 A bag-wig by my side, on my head a long sword.

Sing Ballinamone ora, an English lady for me.

As I travel along how the people will stare,
 At my coach and six horses drawn by an old mare,
 I won't sleep on the road, nor make no delays,
 But lest I be weary, I'll go in ten days.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

And when I arrive safe at London by sea,
 I'll lodge at St. James's, or else at Bear Key;
 I'll fence at assemblies, play cards at a ball,
 And court some rich heiress worth nothing at all.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

Each day I will walk all around cross the Park,
 Each moon-shiny night, about noon when 'tis dark,
 With my coat laced over, the beaux to alarm,
 And my hat in my hand to keep my wig warm.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

Each night at the play in a box I will shine,
 And tell some rich widow she is more divine
 Than Pluto, or Vulcan, or the goddess of May,
 And with my fine speeches her heart I'll betray.

Sing Ballinamone, ora, &c.

I'll drink her good health when I dine ev'ry morn,
 And give her a fine silver cup made of horn ;
 I'll make verses on her in prose and in rhyme,
 And send her two letters by the post at one time.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

Each night at her toilet when she rises from bed,
 When she combs her hands and washes her head,
 With my eyes very modest, I'll stare in her face,
 And tell her for love that my guts burn and blaze.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

I'll persuade her to wed in a day or two more,
 Next morning betimes, at noon about four,
 To church I will carry my beautiful bride,
 On a pillion before me, close by my left side.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

And when we are married the drums they shall ring,
 The bells they shall beat, and the fidler shall sing,
 To Dublin I'll carry my charmer straitway,
 In the winter when they are a making of hay.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

My Aunt Mac Mahon I'll invite to the feast,
 Where potatoes and mutton for sauce shall be drest,
 Arrack punch made of whisky, in bumpers shall flow,
 And all my relations shall come to the shew.

Sing Ballinamone ora, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE BLACKSMITH.

O F all the trades that e'er I see,
 There's none to a Blacksmith compared may
 be ;
 With so many several tools works he,
Which nobody can deny.

The first that ever a thunderbolt made,
 Was a *Cyclops* of the *Blacksmith's* trade,
 As in a learned author is said,
Which nobody, &c.

The fairest goddess that's in the skies,
 To marry with Vulcan did advise ;
 And he was a *Blacksmith* grave and wife,
Which nobody, &c.

The common proverb, as it is read,
 Without the *Blacksmith* cannot be said—
 That a man must hit the right *nail* on the head,
Which nobody, &c.

Another one must not be forgot,
 Which falls unto the *Blacksmith's* lot,
 That you must strike while the *iron's* hot,
Which nobody, &c.

Though lawyers to travel both near and far,
 And by long pleading a cause may mar,
 Yet your *Blacksmith* takes more pains at the *bar*,
Which nobody, &c.

Tho' your scrivener seeks to crush and to kill,
 By his counterfeit deeds, and thereby doth ill,
 Yet your *Blacksmith* may forge what he will,
Which nobody, &c.

Tho' your bankrupt citizens lurk in their holes,
 And laugh at their creditors and their catchpoles,
 Yet your *Blacksmith* can fetch them over the coals,
Which nobody, &c.

There's never a slut, if filth o'er smutch her,
 But owes to the *Blacksmith* for her letcher,
 'Cause without a pair of tongs no man e'er would
 touch her,
Which nobody, &c.

If any poor taylor have got the itch,
 The *Blacksmith's* water as black as pitch,
 Will make his hand go clean thro' the stitch,
Which nobody, &c.

Your roaring blade, who ev'ry one quells ;
 Fights, dominers, swaggers, and blusters and rails,
 Could never yet make the *Smith* eat his nails,
Which nobody, &c.

Now to know the *Blacksmith* if you desire,
 You must not scorn, but rank him higher,
 For what he gets, is got out of the fire,
Which nobody, &c.

To end my song, whoe'er is in doubt,
 And cannot well bring this matter about,
 The *Blacksmith* can readily hammer it out.
Which nobody, &c.

S O N G.

DARBY THE BEAU.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

SINCE Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,
 Poor Darby ! ah, what can you do ?
 No longer I'll stay here a clown,
 But sell off, and gallop to town :
 I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,
 The barber shall frizzle my hair.

In town I shall cut a great dash,
 But how for to compass the cash ;—
 At gaming, perhaps, I may win ;
 With cards I can take the flats in,
 Or trundle false dice and they're nick'd ;
 If found out, I shall only be kick'd.

But first to get a great name,
 A duel establish my fame ;
 To my man then a challenge I'll write ;
 But first, I'll be sure he won't fight.
 We'll swear not to part 'till we fall,
 Then shoot without powder, and the devil a ball.

S O N G.

MY name's Ted Blarney, I'll be bound,
 And man and boy upon this ground,
 Full twenty years I've beat my round,
 Crying, Vauxhall watch.

And

And as that time's a little short
 With some small folks that here resort;
 To be sure I have not had some sport,
 Crying, Vauxhall watch.

Oh! of pretty wenches dress'd so tight,
 And maccaronies, what a sight
 Of a moon-light morn I've bid good night,
 Crying, Vauxhall watch.

S O N G.

THE PRIEST'S ADVICE.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

YOU know I'm your Priest, and your consci-
 ence is mine;

But if you grow wicked, that's not a good sign,
 So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,
 And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life.

*Sing Ballinamone ora,
 A good merry wedding for me.*

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
 The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as
 snow;

So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
 You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

*Sing Ballinamone ora,
 A good merry wedding for me.*

I thum out the piace, and I then read away,
 She blushes at love, and she whispers, obey,
 You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
 I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

*Sing Ballinamone ora,
 That snug little guinea for me.*

S O N G.

THE OLD WIG.

A Tonser renown'd for his puff and his parts,
 Who has gain'd far and near all the pretty
 maids hearts;

By Cupid was punish'd for running his rig,
 And his heart set on flame for Miss Chloe's old wig,
 And his heart set on flame for Miss Chloe's old wig.

His passion at first made him pipe all the day,
 'Till paper'd his mind he to her did convey,
 In words smooth as oil, tho' with meaning quite big,
 Humbly begging the honor to flux her old wig.
 Humbly begging, &c.

He next powder'd his block, and approach'd the
 fair maid,

And keen as a razor was all that he said;
 Yet scornful, alas! she despis'd all his rig,
 And told him he never should flux her old wig.
 And told him, &c.

But not quite dismay'd with the nymph's first de-
 nial,

With his pole, and his wash-balls, he propos'd a
 trial;

So

So down on the bed he implor'd her to lig,
 For by Jove he declar'd he would flux her old wig.
 For by Jove, &c.

Begone, cry'd the las, with your wash-balls and
 pole,
 I hate and despise them, I do on my soul ;
 No longer pursue like an obstinate prig,
 For you never shall buckle or flux my old wig.
 For you never, &c.

Yet still he went on, and insisted to see,
 If a new-fashion'd way he could dress her toupee ;
 He begg'd she'd not think him a fribbling prig,
 For many well new he could flux an old wig.
 For many, &c.

The nymph now grew tir'd her virtue grew slack,
 And the barber he tumbled her down on her back,
 From love's luscious bason he took a fine swig,
 And finely he flux'd and he oil'd her old wig.
 And finely, &c.

The bus'ness once over, the las lik'd the sport,
 But the shaver took leave strait another to court,
 His end he has gain'd, so he cares not a fig,
 The devil for him now may flux her old wig.
 The devil, &c.

S O N G.

THE WIDOW SANDERSON.

HAVE you been to Abington? ah sir, oh!
 Have you been to Abington, oh!

I have been to Abington,
To see madam Sanderfon,
Oh ! she's a dainty widow, widow,
Oh ! she's a dainty widow.

But has she fine daughters three, ah fir, oh !
But has she fine daughters three, oh !
Oh ! she has fine daughters three,
Peg, Meg, and Margery,
Oh ! she's a dainty widow, widow,
Oh ! she's a dainty widow.

Did she pull of your boots, ah fir, oh !
Did she pull of your boots fir, oh !
Yes, she pull'd of my boots
With many sweet looks,
And oh ! she's a dainty widow, widow,
And oh ! she's a dainty widow.

And did she put thee to bed, ah fir, oh !
And did she put thee to bed, oh !
She put me to bed
With a fine coverlid,
Oh ! she's a dainty widow, widow,
Oh ! she's a dainty widow.

And did she step into bed, ah fir, oh !
And did she step into bed, oh !
That's not for you to know,
Whether she did or no,
But she's a dainty widow, widow,
But she's a dainty widow.

(258)

S O N G.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE. *Slow.*

HOW each fond parent still pursues,
Ambition in his childrens views,
Wou'd have his heir be something more,
Than what his father was before ;
The bailiff makes his son a proctor,
The apothecary his a doctor,
And husband ever join'd with wife,
That Tom should push himself in life.

A I R.

A chimney-sweeper, and his fair,
The footy partner of his care ;
For fair's a term we cannot find,
For black, or brown, and all the kind.
Indulging in their homely cheer,
Of bread and cheese and good strong beer.
For then good nature might afford,
A foaming pot to grace the board.

RECITATIVE. *Slow.*

Sure Tommy's vastly grown, my dear,
Come hither child, I say come here ;
Hold up thy head, ah !—he's not made
For such a vast laborious trade ;

He

He has not strength to struggle thro',
 Nor twist his body like a scrow;
 He has a genius far above,
 What you and I have been, my love;
 Some gentler trade were not amiss,
 Go, child, go give papa a kiss,
 Then looking kind at one another,
 Grim first kiss'd child, and after mother.

A I R.

Why dame, quoth he, why all this fuss?
 This boy our Tom is all to us!
 And han't I toil'd from year to year,
 But for his sake, and thine, my dear?
 And shall not Tom then make a figure,
 As big as father does?—aye bigger!
 For zounds it never shall be said,
 That Grimson's boy was basely bred.

While barber scrape puts out his fool,
 To learn his book at grammar school.

Come hither lad, look up, be bold;
 Aye, there it is my heart of gold;
 Thou shalt compleat thy father's joy,
 And be a bricklayer, my boy,
 Shall build the chimneys, and not creep,
 Through those thy father us'd to sweep.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

Sung by Mr. Atkins.

IN various shapes I've oft been known
 To please the ear and eyes,
 Nor I the only one in town,
 That wears this black disguise.
 Sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep.

In spite of mocks, and flouts, or sneers,
 A truth I must impart,
 No chimney half so foul appears,
 As doth the human heart.
 Sweep, sweep, sweep foot ho !

The learned lawyers could I win,
 To give their briefs to me,
 From foul demur, and many a sin,
 My brush should set them free.

Sweep, &c.

Observe the doctors as they roll,
 And scrape from all degrees ;
 Much sweeping wants each sooty soul,
 All clogg'd with filthy fees.

Sweep, &c.

So proud and trim yon priest behold,
 That vicious rev'rend beau ;
 There's no such thing as cleansing him,
 The devil and I do know.

*Sweep, &c.
The*

The statesman with that brow severe,
 Had been as well forgot,
 His conscience is as ermine clear,
 And therefore needs me not.

Sweep, &c.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Fawcett, at the Theatre at Richmond.

JOHN AND JOAN.

JOHN Appleby was the man's name,
 And he liv'd near the sign of the kettle,
 His wife was called Joan Quiet,
 Because she could scold but a little :
 John to the alehouse would go,
 Joan to the tavern would run ;
 John would get drunk with the women,
 And Joan would get drunk with the men.
Tol de rol.

John wou'd spend his own two-pence,
 And Joan wou'd spend her groat,
 Joan wou'd pawn her best jacket,
 And John wou'd pawn his best coat ;
 John set the porridge pot by,
 Joan sent the brass kettle to sell,
 The money came readily in,
 And they merrily spent it in ale.
Tol de rol.
 Thou

Thou art a base huffey, says John,
 For selling my copper and brass ;
 And thou art a cuckold, says Joan,
 For thy ears are as long as an ass.
 I'll bang thy back huffy, says John,
 If you give me another cross word;
 And for thy fury and vapours,
 I tell thee I care not a t—d.

Tol de rol.

John he was no great eater,
 And Joan she was no glutton,
 And for to tickle their maws,
 They bought them a shoulder of mutton ;
 John in an angry mood,
 Took the mutton in his hand,
 And out of the window he threw it,
 But Joan she was at a stand.

Tol de rol.

Joan she was at a stand,
 But of it she made no matter,
 Immediately took in her hand,
 And after it threw the platter.
 An old woman coming by,
 And seeing the mutton lay,
 Catch'd up the platter and mutton,
 And with them she run away.

Tol de rol.

The neighbours came running in,
 And thinking to end the quarrel,
 But before they had half done,
 They left ne'er a drop in the barrel.

They

'They bang'd the barrel about,
 Pull'd out the spiggot too, &
 We'll all get drunk to night,
 For what have we else to do.

Tol de rol.

S O N G.

NUNC EST BIBENDUM.

Tune—*Moggy Launder.*

NOW we're free from College Rules,
 From Common-place book reason,
 From trifling syllogistic schools,
 And systems out of season :
 Never more we'll have defin'd,
 If matter thinks, or thinks not,
 All the matter we shall mind,
 Is—he who drinks—or drinks not.

Tho' we by metaphysics trace,
 The mind, or soul abstracted ;
 And prove infinity of space,
 By cause on cause effected :
 Yet better souls we can't become
 By immaterial thinking ;
 And as to space, we want no room,
 But room enough to drink in.

Plenum—vacuum—minus—plus.
 Are learned words and rare too,—
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,
 And those who please may hear too.—
 A plenum in our wine we shew,
 With plufs, and plufs behind, fir,
 And when our cash is minus, low,
 A vacuum soon we find, fir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,
 Dane *Tycho*'s error proving,
 Declares in—I can't tell what page—
 The earth round Sol is moving.
 But which goes round, what's that to us?
 Each is, perhaps, a motion;
 With earth, and sun, we make no fuss,
 But mind the bottle's motion.

Great *Calileo* ill was us'd,
 By superstition's fury;
Antipodeans were abus'd
 By *ignoramus* jury;
 But, feet to feet, we dare attest,
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy;
 For when we're drunk, *probatum est*,
 We're tumbling toply turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,
 And different colours knew, fir;
 Don't let us disturb our heads,—
 We will but study two, fir;
White and *red* our glasses boast,
 Reflection and refraction;
 After him we name our toast,—
 “*The centre of attraction.*”

On that Thesis we'll declaim,
 With *stratum*, *super stratum*;
 There's mighty magic in the name,
 'Tis Nature's Postulatum.
 Wine, in nature next to love;
 Then wisely let us blend 'em;
 First though, physically prove,
Nunc, nunc est bibendum.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE SCOLD.

SOME women take delight in dress,
 And some in cards take pleasure,
 Whilst others place their happiness
 In heaping hoards of treasure :
 In private some delight to kiss,
 Their hidden charms unfolding,
 But all mistake their sov'reign bliss,
 There's no such joy as scolding.

The instant that I ope my eyes,
 Adieu all day to silence,
 Before my neighbours they can rise,
 They hear my tongue a mile hence ;
 When at the board I take my seat,
 'Tis one continued riot,
 I eat and scold, and scold and eat,
 My clack is never quiet.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold,
 I ever am complaining ;
 Too raw, too roast, too young, too old,
 Each guest at table paining ;
 Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,
 Though of my own providing,
 I still find fault with ev'ry dish,
 Still ev'ry servant chiding.

But when to bed I go at night,
 I surely fall a weeping,

N

For

For then I lose my great delight,
 How can I scold when sleeping?
 But this my pain doth mitigate,
 And soon disperses sorrow,
 Altho' to night it be too late,
 I'll pay it off to-morrow.

S O N G.

DEATH OR LIBERTY.

WHILST happy in my native land,
 I boast my country's charter;
 I'll never basely lend my hand,
 Her liberties to barter:
 The noble mind is not at all,
 By poverty degraded;
 'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
 And well I am persuaded,
 Each freeborn Briton's song shall be,
 Or, give me death, or liberty!
 Or, give me death, &c.

Tho' small the power which fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us;
 The lordly hireling often wants,
 That freedom which defends us:
 By law secur'd from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum;
 Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell them?
 No, ev'ry Briton's song should be,
 Give me death, or liberty:
 Give me death, &c.

SONG

S O N G,

Sung in Comus.

PLEASURES OF THE NIGHT.

BY dimpled brook and fountain brim,
 The wood nymph deck'd with daisies trim,
 The merry, merry, wakes and pastimes keep;
 What has night to do with sleep?

Night has better sweets to prove,
 Venus awakes and wakens love;
 Come, let us our rites begin,
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

S O N G.

FOOLS ALL.

Tune—Tantararara masks all.

SINCE folly keeps up its force far and near,
 A few foolish lines on the subject pray hear;
 A subject extensive, for, search the globe round,
 You'll find not a spot but where fools do abound.

Sing tantararara fools all, fools all.
Sing tantararara fools all.

Dame Eve was first fool'd by old Nick, and then
 madam

A fool made, you know, of our forefather, Adam;
 Hence, both being fools, no dispute it can need,
 To prove that from fools only fools could proceed.

Sing tantararara, &c.

N 2

He

He who was call'd wise, whom queen Bathsheba bore
 When he had men, women, and things, study'd o'er,
 By concubines fool'd more than can well be utter'd,
 "All's nought but meer vanity," then the fool
 sputter'd. *Sing tantararara, &c.*

And Socrates, who was declar'd by Apollo,
 In wisdom to beat all his countrymen hallow;
 When told it, the hen-peck'd old sage did reply,—
 I know I'm a fool, there my wisdom does lie.
Sing tantararara, &c.

The traders, that fools of their customers make,
 Who through their fair words bad commodities take,
 When in the Gazette with a "whereas" display'd,
 In turn, find that fools of themselves they have made.
Sing tantararara, &c.

The methodist, with his lank hair, and pinch'd
 jaws,
 Makes fools of the mob which about him he draws,
 Who cry, for our sakes how he wears out himself,
 Till too late they find how they're drain'd of their
 pelf. *Sing tantararara, &c.*

The coquettish jilt, with her fine airs and graces,
 Makes fools of her dangles to all the gay places;
 But, when wrinkles come, on a shelf the fool's laid,
 Rejected by more fools than those whom she made.
Sing tantararara, &c.

This precept's assented to by ev'ry voice,—
 Whoe'er is dispos'd to make wisdom his choice,
 Must first see his folly,—from which you'll agree
 In all of us folly inherent must be.

Sing tantararara, &c.

And now, to shew how complaisant I can be,
I thank you for list'ning thus kindly to me,
Tho' some would fools deem you for list'ning so
long,
To hear a fool sing such a dull foolish song.

*Sing tantararara fools all, fools all,
Sing tantararara fools all.*

S O N G.

CHURCH-WARDENS FEAST.

Tune—*Chevy Chase.*

COME let us all, with one accord,
Eat, drink, smoke, laugh, and sing;
Yea, let us make our hearts right glad,
For 'tis a pleasant thing.

Chorus. *For 'tis a pleasant thing.*

In time of old, when punch was not,
Tobacco, nor strong-beer,
How could men pass their time away?
How could they find good cheer?

Cho. *How could, &c.*

Yea, how could they in heart be glad,
And eke with tongue rejoice?
Yea, how could they well tune their minds
To make a joyful noise?

Cho. *To make, &c.*

For till tobacco, punch, and beer,
 As well as wine, they had,
 Full surely they, whene'er they met,
 Did sit all sober sad.

Cho. *Did sit, &c.*

But now that we those things possess,
 Be light and glad each heart,
 And henceforth deem him an outcast
 Who first inclines to start.

Cho. *Who first, &c.*

Yea, whosoe'er he be that is
 In haste to go away,
 E'en as a gentile him we'll treat,
 For ever and for aye.

Cho. *For ever, &c.*

Therefore take heed, all ye who've heard
 The words which are just past :
 And now it resteth *for* to say,
 Thus endeth stave the last.

Cho. *Thus endeth stave the last.*

S O N G.

GUESS THE REST.

Tune—*Country Lasses.*

LET others with indecent songs,
 To please some folks make trial,
 This company, I'm pretty sure,
 To such would give denial ;

Therefore,

Therefore, to shun what some may think
 Not fit to be express'd,
 I'll stop, e'er I each stanza end,
 And let you guess the rest.

As Hodge one day a maying went
 With Dolly of the Green,
 'Mongst other things, he said to her,
 When you *was* May-day queen;
 Odzooks, you so delighted me,
 That fain I would request,
 Free leave with you to toy and kifs,—
 And—you can guess the rest.

Lord, Hodge, said Doll, I *knows as how*,
 You men are false and fickle,
 And *makes* your brags that, with love tales,
 Our easy hearts you tickle—
 Give me your hand, said Hodge, and now,
 To prove I's not in jest,
 If you'll consent I'll buy the ring,—
 And you can guess the rest.

You *knows* full well that *seyther* left
 Me sheep and cows a many,
 With ploughs, and teams, and money too,
 Against a day that's rainy.
 On this, said Doll, my Dame's consent
 To gain do but your best,
 I'll then,—but I need say no more,
 For you can guess the rest.

Then both away to dame did trudge,
 And thus young Hodge besought her,—
 I's come to ask for your consent
 To let me have your daughter :—

But dame, in tartish mood, reply'd,
 To say no more you'd best;
 And now, my mind being partly known,
 You both may guess the rest.

Come, come, said Hodge, you must consent,
 Because we *loves* each other.—
 Ay! ay! said dame; but what, says Doll?
 Oh that we do, dear mother.
 Dame then reply'd, since things are so,
 To part you 'twere a jest,
 So now we'll fix the wedding-day,—
 And you may guess the rest.

The wedding was soon after kept,
 With feasting, mirth, and dancing,
 And dame herself, though old and lame,
 Among them would be prancing.
 At length the mirth and feasting o'er,
 The couple being undress'd,
 They bedded were, the stocking thrown,—
 But prithee guess the rest.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. Dodd, in the Gentle Shepherd.

JOCKEY AND JENNY.

JOCKEY said to Jenny—Jenny wilt thou do't?
 Ne'er a whit, quoth Jenny, for my fortune good,
 For my fortune good, I winna marry thee,
 E'en's ye like, quoth Jockey, ye may let me be.

I ha'e gold and gear, I ha'e land enough,
 I ha'e seven good oxen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and wand'ring o'er the lee;
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I've ain geud house and barn, and eke a bire,
 A peat stack 'fore the door, will make a ranting fire;
 I'll make a ranting fire, and merry we will be,
 And gin you will not have me, ye may let me be.

Jenny said to Jockey, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be.

S O N G.

THE HUMBUG.

THAT living's a joke, Johnny Gay has express'd,

Fal de roll, toll lol.

In earnest we'll make all we can of the jest;

Loll de roll, &c.

A load of conceits, along life we are lugging,
 Which some are humbug'd by, and some are humbugging.

Fal de roll, &c.

His honour with consequence charges his face,
 Bows round to the levee, and ogles his grace;
 Then whispers his friend, *Sir, depend on my word,*
 But if you depend, you're humbugg'd by the lord.

Fal de rol, &c.

Says *Patty*, the prude, and she wide spread her fan,
Me marry! what! I go to bed with a man!
I detest all male creatures, my God! I shall swoon!
 She did—and was brought to-bed, faith, before
 noon!

Fal de roll, &c.

To London *Pa* sent her, when bloom was regain'd,
 Invi'late her maidenhead there she maintain'd;
 For a virgin was wed, she knew how to be mum,
 So gain'd a good husband her husband a *hum*.

Fal de roll, &c.

Miss *nicely* observ'd, *vastly vulgar's* the word,
Immensely indelicate, vastly absurd!

Yet last night, dear Miss, when you thought your-
 self snug,

You confess'd—*without loving—life's all a humbug.*

Fal de roll, &c.

The wanton wife often, too often I fear,
 Proves words to be facts when she calls her spouse
dear;

And enjoys the sweet cheat as stol'n pleasure she
 hugs,

How cunningly now she her cuckold humbugs.

Fal de roll, &c.

But husband at home, as few marry'd men wish,

Fal de roll, toll loll.

To dine ev'ry day on the very same dish,

Loll de roll.

Makes a meal with her maid, the thing publicly
 known is,

A tete-a-tete feast, call'd the *Lex Tallionis*.

Fal de roll, &c.

S O N G,

Sung by Miss. Thornton.

THE BONNY SAILOR.

MY bonny failor's won my mind,
 My heart with him is now at sea;
 I hope the summer's western breeze
 Will bring him safely back to me:
 I wish to hear what glorious toils,
 What dangers he has undergone;
 What fort's he storm'd, how great the spoils,
 From France and Spain my failor's won.

A thousand terrors chil'd my breast,
 When fancy brought the foe in view;
 And day and night I've had no rest,
 Lest ev'ry gale a tempest blew:
 Bring, gentle gales, my failor home;
 His ship at anchor may I see;
 Three years are sure enough to roam,
 Too long for one that loves like me.

His face by sultry climes is wan,
 His eyes by watching shine less bright;
 But still I'll own my charming man,
 And run to meet him, when in sight:
 His honest heart is what I prize,
 No weather can make that look old;
 Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,
 I'll love my jolly failor bold.

S O N G.

HONOUR.

O UR reck'ning we've paid, here's to all *bon
repas*,
The decks we have clear'd, and 'tis time we should
go,
A coach did you say? No I'm sober and strong,
Waiter! call me a link boy, he'll light me along.

Obsequious the dog with his dripping torch bows,
Your honor, poor Jack, sir, your honor, Jack knows.
For the sake of the pence thus he'll honor me on,
Gold-dust strows the *race-ground* where all *honor's*
won.

Hold your light up! what half naked objects here
lye,
Thus huddled in heaps? *Good your honor*, they cry;
To poor creatures, your honor, some charity spare;
Honor's phrase is *necessity's* common-place prayer.

Young perishing *out-casts* thus nightly are found,
No parishes care, they're too poor to be own'd.
For he, in these times, wou'd be policy's scorn,
Who' distress wou'd assist and expect no return.

With courtier-like bowing the shoe-cleaners call,
And offer their brush, stool, and shining black ball;
Japanning, your honor, these colourists plan;
And, really, some honors may want a japan.

To varnish the taste is,—as cases from dust,
Each picture now glares with a transparent crust;
Nay

Nay, some ladies faces are colour'd like blinds,
While men use japaning, which masquerades
minds.

Of *honor*, of *freedom*, yet *England* can boast,
And *honor* and *freedom's* an Englishman's toast ;
May infamy ever deserters attend,
But honor crown those who our *Honors* defend.

S O N G.

MUM.

YE gossips who blab out the secrets of state,
Ye tell-tales who over the tea tables prate,
Ye boasters of favors from beauties o'ercome.
Be wiser poor prattlers, henceforward be mum.

Sing tantararara mum all.

Ye wives who have husbands neglecting their duties,
That time give the bottle that's due to your beau-
ties ;

Would you cure them ? take care when in drink
they reel home,

To receive them with smiles, and resolve to be *mum*.

Sing tantararara mum all.

It is good to hold fast, to hold much, or hold long ;
But the best way of all is the holding the tongue ;
Tho' wits by their words good companions become,
Can they get half so much as the man that is *mum*.

Sing tantararara mum all.

The fervant who flily keeps filent will rife,
His ears he muft doubt, nor give faith to his eyes;
Ask the fine waiting-maid how ſhe rich could be-
come,

She will curtfey and answer,—*becauſe I was mum.*
Sing tantararara mum all.

But enough has been ſaid, and enough has been
ſung,

Remember, dear friends, keep good watch o'er
your tongue;

I have no more to ſay, to an end I am come,
My rhimes are all out, I muſt henceforth be *mum.*

Sing tantararara mum all.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S VICTORY.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
A Tinker and a taylor,
Had once a doubtful ſtriſe, fir,
To make a maid a wife, fir,
Whoſe name was buxom *Joan.*
For now the time was ended,
When ſhe no more intended,
To lick her lips at men, fir,
Or gnaw the ſheets in vain, fir,
Or lie o' nights alone.

The

The Soldier swore like thunder,
 He lov'd her more than plunder,
 And shew'd her many a scar, fir,
 That he had brought from far, fir,
 With fighting for her sake.
 The taylor thought to please her,
 With offering her his measure.
 The Tinker too with metal,
 Said he would mend her kettle,
 And stop up ev'ry leak.

But while these three were prating,
 The Sailor sily waiting,
 Thought if it came about, fir,
 That they should all fall out, fir,
 He then might play his part.
 And just e'en as he meant, fir,
 To loggerheads they went, fir,
 And then he let fly at her,
 A shot 'twixt wind and water,
 That won this fair maid's heart.

S O N G.

THE GLUTTON.

GENTLY stir, and blow the fire,
 Lay the mutton down to roast,
 Dreis it quickly I desire,
 In the dripping put a toast;
 That I hunger may remove,
 Mutton is the meat I love.

On

On the dresser see it lye,
 Oh! the charming white and red!
 Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
 On the sweetest grass it fed;
 Let the jack go swiftly round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean:
 Pickles get, and sallad both,
 Let them each be fresh and green:
 With small beer, good ale, and wine,
 Oh! ye Gods! how I shall dine!

S O N G.

THE GOSSIPS.

TWO gossips they merrily met,
 And that in the morning full soon,
 And they were resolv'd on a wet,
 To keep their sweet voices in tune;
 Away to the tavern they went,

“Here Joan, why I vow and protest
 “That I have a crown yet unspent,
 “So let's have a cup of the best.”

“And pray Gossip didn't you hear,
 “The common report of the town?
 “A 'squire of five hundred a year,
 “Is married to Doll of the Crown!

“A

“ A draggletail flut on my word !
“ Her cloaths hanging ragged and foul ;
“ In troth he would fain have a bird,
“ That would give a groat for an owl !”

“ And she had a sister last year,
“ Whose name they call galloping Peg,
“ She'd take up a straw with her ear,
“ I warrant her, right as my leg ;
“ A brewer he got her with child,
“ But e'en let them brew as they bake ;
“ I knew she was wanton and wild,
“ But I'll neither meddle nor make.”

“ Nor I, Gossip Joan, by my troth ;
“ Tho' nevertheless I've been told,
“ She stole seven yards of broad cloth,
“ A ring, and a locket of gold,
“ A smock, and a new pair of shoes,
“ A flourishing madam was she !
“ But Margery told me the news,
“ And it ne'er shall go further for me.”

“ We were at a gossiping club,
“ Where we had a cherishing cup
“ Of good humming liquor, strong bub !
“ And your husband's name it was up ;
“ For bearing a powerful sway,
“ All the neighbours his valour have seen,
“ For he is a cuckold they say,—
“ A constable, Gossip, I mean.”

“ Dear Gossip a slip of the tongue,
“ No harm was intended in mind ;

“ Chance

"Chance words they will mingle among
 "Our others we commonly find;
 "I hope you won't take it amiss,"
 "No, no, that were folly in us;
 "And if we perhaps get a kiss,
 "Pray what are our husbands the worse!"

S O N G.

THE PARSON AND BEER BARREL.

A Parson who had a remarkable foible,
 Of minding the bottle much more than the
 bible,
 Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less perplext,
 In handling a tankard than handling a text.

Derry down.

Perch'd up in his pulpit one Sunday, he cried,
 Make patience, my dearly beloved—your guide;
 And in your distresses, your troubles, and crosses,
 Remember the patience of Job in his losses.

Derry down.

The parson had got a stout cask of strong beer,
 By way of a present,—no matter from where,
 Suffice it to say, it was toothsome and good,
 And he lov'd it as well as he did his own blood.

Derry down.

While he the church service in haste rambled o'er,
 The hogs found away thro, the old cellar door;
 And by the strong scent of the beer barrel led,
 Had nock'd out the spiggot or cock from it's head.

Derry down.

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground,
 The unbidden guests quaff'd it merrily round;
 Nor from their diversions, or merriment ceast,
 'Till every hog there, was as drunk as a beast.

Derry down.

And now the grave lecture and pray'rs at an end,
 He brings along with him a neighbouring friend,
 To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,
 And taste his delightful October-brew'd beer.

Derry down.

The dinner was ready, and all was laid snug;
 Here, wife, says the parson, go fetch us a mug;
 But a mug of what, he had scarce time to tell her,
 When—yonder says she, are the hogs in the cellar!

Derry down.

She run, and returning, with sorrowful face,
 In suitable phrases related the case;
 He rav'd like a madman, about in the room,
 And then beat his wife, and the hogs, with the
 broom.

Derry down.

Was ever poor fellow so pester'd as I?
 Quoth he, the slut makes all the house like a sty,
 How came you to lock your d—n'd hogs in the
 kitchen?

Is that a fit place to put cattle, you b—h in.

Derry down.

Lord! husband, said she, what a coil you keep here,
 About a poor, beggarly, barrel of beer;

You

You should in your troubles, mischances, and
crosses,

Remember the patience of Job in his losses.

Derry down.

A pox upon Job! cried the priest, in a rage,
That beer, I dare say, was near ten years of age ;
But you're a poor ignorant jade, like his wife ;
For Job never had such a cask in his life.

Derry down.

Now neighbour, while at the poor vicar you grin,
Your case, let me tell you's not better a pin ;
With goodness and wisdom, your theory back'd is,
But you're, ten to one, knave and fool in your
practice.

Derry down.

S O N G.

THE JOVIAL BEGGAR.

THERE was a Jovial Beggar,

He had a wooden leg ;

Lame from his cradle,

And forced for to beg.

And a begging we will go,

Will go, will go,

And a begging we will go.

A bag for his oatmeal,

Another for his salt ;

And a pair of crutches,

To shew that he can halt.

And a begging, &c.

A bag for his wheat,
 Another for his rye;
 A little bottle by his side,
 To drink when he's a dry.

And a begging, &c.

To Pimlico we'll go,
 Where we shall merry be;
 With ev'ry man a can in's hand,
 And a wench upon his knee.

And a begging, &c.

And when we are disposed
 To tumble on the grass,
 We have a long patch'd coat
 To hide a pretty lass.

And a begging, &c.

'Full seven years I begged
 For my master Wild;
 He taught me how to beg,
 When I was but a child.

And a begging, &c.

I begged for my master,
 And got him store of pelf.
 But Jove now be praised,
 I can beg for myself.

And a begging, &c.

In a hollow tree
 I live, and pay no rent;
 Providence provides for me,
 And I am well content.

And a begging, &c.

Of

Of all occupations
 A beggar is the best ;
 For when he is weary,
 He'll lay him down to rest.

And a begging, &c.

I fear no plots against me,
 I live in open cell ;
 Then who would be a king,
 When beggars live so well ?

And a begging, &c.

S O N G.

THE OLD CLOATHS MEN.

Or, Moses and Abram's bad bargain.

NO doubt but you've heard of the famous Lord
 Croker,
 A very great man and a very great joker,
 In the course of my ditty you'll find it is true,
 As the story is told by old Abrams the Jew.
 Py cot it ish true vat I'm going to say,
 Ash in Burlington-shreet I vas calling one tay,
 A shentleman's shervant cried hip maister Jew,
 I have cot a cood bargain, come hither and view.

So I shay brother Moses, as he vas wid me,
 Here ish a cood bargain let us bote go and see ;
 De shervant belongs to Lord Croker, I guess,
 We'll sheat him so sure as Cod shall us pless.

So

So he shew'd us some cloath dat v'as look fery fine,
 And it vash in de room vere my Lord he vas dine.
 De bargain vash struck, he went out to get shange,
 And left Moses and me thro' de whole houle to
 range.

Py cod we vas tinkin to pack up de plate,
 Vish we saw in great plenty, of fery great weight ;
 When my Lord vas come in full of laughter and fun,
 Vith finish dat business before ish begun.
 Py Cod says my Lord, you are fery cood fellows,
 Vill you do me a favour, I prithee come tell us ;
 Sho frighten'd vere vee, dat we shaid, dat we wood,
 (Vith a certain proviso, vish vas) if we cou'd.

'Tis only shays he, on them cloaths for to shit,
 Cood Cot we cry bote, we cannot do one bit ;
 But my Lord drew his shword, and sho loudly did
 shwear,

Dat Moses vas shit, py Cod, quite out of fear.
 But when dat he found dat I could not shite too,
 He shwore I should eat it wid out more ado ;
 Sho I eat it all up, tish true what I tell ye,
 Or he would have run his shword, quite thro' my
 belly.

His Lordship then kickt us bote out of door,
 And he call'd us bote shwindling son of a whore ;
 Our bargain vash lost and our shange never got,
 So Moses and I had a fery bad lot.
 Then ALL ye Shew merchants that deal in old
 cloaths,

Take care vat cood bargains some folks may propose,
 Or like Moses and me, you may take bote our word,
 You may have in your belly a shword or a turd.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S DELIGHT.

COME all my brave lads, away quickly come,
 At the sound of the fife, and the beat of a drum;
 We'll fight for Royal George if we die by our guns,
 On board of a Man of War.

All you that are in limbo for drinking of good ale,
 Come and enter with us we've a sweet and pleasant
 gale;
 We'll pay off all your debts with a flying top-fail,
 On board, &c.

We'll hoist up our jack and our pendants we'll let
 fly,
 And fight the French and Spaniards, if any we
 come nigh,
 Let more powder and more shot be the whole of
 the cry,
 On board, &c.

On our way in the night as we're plouging of the
 deep,
 A Spanish galloon we may chance for to meet,
 While you, ye lazy landmen lay snoring asleep.
 Not on board, &c.

When the battle it is over then we that do survive,
 Bring home our gold and silver to our sweethearts
 or wives;
 And this is the way jolly sailors spend their lives.
 On board, &c.

S O N G.

S O N G.

THE JOYS OF LOVE.

Tune—*Puff about the brisk bowl.*

WHEN Venus, queen of soft desires,
 Descended from above ;
 The Gods attend—while she inspires
 To sing the joys of love.

The joys of love, a pleasing theme,
 A theme for ever new ;
 Come forward, Vulcan, tell the same,
 That I once told to you.

Your orders, goddess, I obey,
 With pleasure and delight ;
 But how in words can I convey
 The raptures of that night.

As I lay wanton in your arms,
 The happiest god was I,
 That ever felt your pow'rful charms,
 Or ever heav'd a sigh.

The emphatic squeeze, the grasp divine,
 The oft' entongued kiss,
 And every tender love-fraught sign,
 Were preludes of my bliss.

At length the joyous minute came ;—
To cease is all I ask ;
For oh ! to tell the mighty flame,
Is far too great a task.

They gen'rous goddess bow'd assent,
Enough had been express'd,
The all knew what his godship meant,
Love's joys half told are best.

THE MOST FASHIONABLE

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

MAY our pleasant thoughts be gilt with modest expressions.
The road to a christening.
The magical monosyllable.
The losing gamesters.
Cupid's pin-cushion.
Love in a cottage, and envy to none.
The female mathematician, who multiplies by subtraction.
All our wants, and all our wishes.
The rapturous bliss of an extatic kiss.
Merit to win a heart, and sense to keep it.
The rose of pleasure without the thorne.

Love

Love and opportunity.

May love draw the curtain, and friendship the
cork.

Cupid's ring on the middle finger.

A condescension to the ladies, and standing
honour to the gentlemen.

The naked truth.

A clean avenue to a pleasant country seat.

What charms arms and disarms.

May we please and be pleased.

The fair sex - The fairest of Middlesex, and the
middle of the fair sex.

The civil orange that is rough and juicy.

The point of union of two fond hearts.

The centre of attraction.

The rule of three.

May every day be happier than the last.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

Riches without pride, or poverty without meanness.

May we breakfast with health, dine with friend-
ship, crack a bottle with mirth, and sup with the
goddess contentment.

To the honest fellow, that loves his bottle at night,
and his business in the morning.

A good horse, a warm house, a snug estate, and a
pretty wife, to every man that deserves them.

All fortune's daughters but the eldest.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

Addition to our trade, multiplication to our manu-
factories, subtraction to taxes, and reduction to
to our useless pensions and places.

Love without fear, and life without care.

Good luck till we are tir'd of it.

Sunshine and good humour all the world over.

The

The woman we love, and the friend we dare trust.

May we be happy when alone, and cheerful when
in company.

To the true patriot, who dies with pleasure for his
country's good.

May the trade of this country increase, and be sup-
ported by unity, peace, and concord.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty and
friends.

May our hearts have for tenants, truth, candour, and
benevolence.

Community, unity, navigation and trade.

May mirth and fellowship be always in fashion.

The staff of life.

All tails but tell tales.

Constancy in love and sincerity in friendship.

Friendship without interest, and love without de-
ceit.

May the blossoms of liberty never be blighted.

The hot-house supported by two ivory pillars.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we
kiss.

Adam's first thought after he saw Eve.



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